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**Revenge of the Judoon
(Terrance Dicks)**

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R E V E N G E O F T H E J U D O O N

Terrance Dicks was b o r n in East H a m , L o n d o n .After university, he began work in the advertisingindustry before m o v i n g over to television as awriter. In 1968, he began w o r k i n g on DoctorWho. *He has w r i t t e n more t h a n sixty DoctorWho novels.*

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Revenge of the Judoon

Terrance Dicks



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Chapter One

A King at Breakfast

Balmoral Castle lay bathed in a u t u m n sunshine. The l i g h t shone on the w h i t e stone of the castle's ivy-covered walls. It sent golden shafts t h r o u g h the tall windows.

Captain Harry Carruthers, c o m p a n i o n and aide to King Edward V I I , marched along the red-carpeted corridors of the castle.

He glanced t h r o u g h the w i n d o w . It was a beautiful day.

He sighed. On a day like this, the K i n g w o u l d be sure to insist that he went outside and d i d something healthy. N o t over-energetic himself, His Majesty liked to keep his guests busy.

Harry glanced up at the row of m o u n t e d stag-heads that lined the walls. There were so m a n y that he wondered that there was a live stag left to shoot in all Scotland.

He climbed a staircase and m o v e d along an

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upper corridor - more red carpet, more stag-heads - and knocked on one of the doors.

A footman opened it, bowed respectfully, and led him through the richly furnished dressing room to the bedroom door on the far side. Throwing it open, the footman announced, 'Captain Carruthers, Your Majesty' Then he bowed and withdrew.

Carruthers entered the bedroom. On the far side of the room, propped up on pillows in a four-poster bed, was the large figure of the King. His vast form, draped in a silk dressing gown, rose beneath the silk sheets.

His Majesty was breakfasting in bed. He chose from a range of dishes on a side table, served to him by a footman.

Carruthers bowed. 'Good morning, Your Majesty'

Swallowing a mouthful of eggs and bacon, the King waved a hand. 'Morning, Harry. Splendid morning, eh?'

'Yes indeed, sir.'

The King passed his plate to the footman and wiped his moustache with a napkin. He sat up higher in bed, ready for business. 'Now then, what's the form?'

Carruthers produced a list of engagements for the days ahead and read it out loud. The

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next day there w o u l d be a visit to a new factory in Edinburgh, followed by a dinner w i t h local officials the same evening. Then a return to L o n d o n and the welcoming of a group of ambassadors, keen to present themselves to the new King.

It was a pretty heavy list, but the King accepted it cheerfully enough. One t h i n g y o u could say for the o l d boy, t h o u g h t Carruthers, for all his fondness for good food, fine w i n e and pretty ladies, his work never suffered. What's more he actually enjoyed royal occasions. Perhaps it was because he'd waited for so l o n g for t h e m . N o w that he was K i n g at last, he was m a k i n g the most of i t .

'But n o t h i n g today, eh?' said the King w h e n Carruthers had finished.

'N o t h i n g , Your Majesty. As y o u requested, today has been left completely free.'

'Excellent! N o t often I get a day off! A n d that means it's a day off for y o u t o o . ' The K i n g considered. 'Tell y o u w h a t y o u do. Go d o w n to the gun r o o m and borrow one of my sporting rifles. Time y o u broke your duck, three days and n o t a single stag. Go out and get yourself one. The country r o u n d here is f u l l of t h e m . N o w isn't that a good idea?'

'A splendid idea, sir.'

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Of course it was. After all, it was the King's idea - and they were all splendid.

'Off you go then,' said the King. 'Nothing like an early start. Take one of my Purdeys, wouldn't you? Damn fine guns, been using them for years, gave them my Royal Warrant back in 1868...'

An hour later, Harry Carruthers was striding through the woods that bordered Balmoral Castle. He'd changed his Guards uniform for comfortable tweeds, and he had a Purdey deer-rifle tucked under one arm.

He paused at the top of a little rise to gaze back at the castle, wondering if the King was up yet. Despite the sunshine, the morning air was crisp and chill.

'All very well, sending me out for a nice healthy tramp through the hills,' thought Carruthers. 'He'll spend the morning by the fire with a big cigar, a large brandy and The Times.'

He frowned, looking back at the castle. Here on the hillside it was still a fine autumn morning, but there seemed to be a rain cloud over the castle itself.

Freak Highland weather, thought Carruthers, as he turned to go on his way.

It was odd though, all the same.

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Probably just a trick of the l i g h t .

Just for a m o m e n t he could have sworn it wasr a i n i n g
upwards...

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Chapter Two

A Golden Age

N o t far away, a blue police box faded i n t o view on an empty Scottish hillside.

After a m o m e n t , the door opened. Two figures came out, a tall t h i n m a n and an attractive young g i r l .

The m a n drew in a deep breath of H i g h l a n d air and gazed happily around h i m . 'Look at that,' cried the Doctor. 'Just look at that! Now, is that a view or is that a view?'

Martha Jones looked. It was certainly an attractive stretch of countryside. N o t far away, there were pine woods leading d o w n to the River Dee, the sun gleaming on its rushing waters. There were low wooded hills all around, gradually increasing to larger ones in the misty distance.

' N o w that is a view!' said the Doctor, answering his o w n question. ' W h a t do y o u say?'

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'It's very nice,' said Martha.

'Very nice?' said the Doctor. 'Queen Victoria loved this bit of countryside. Called it her Highland paradise. She came to Balmoral Castle on a visit as a young girl, fell in love with it, bought the place, knocked the castle down, built a bigger one. That's the Royals for you - expense no object.' He shaded his eyes with his hand, peering into the distance. 'You can see the castle from here.' He frowned, turning slowly around, surveying the countryside. 'Well, you ought to be able to see it . . . '

'Perhaps they've moved it. Decided it would look nicer somewhere else.'

'No, no, they wouldn't do that,' said the Doctor. 'Would they?' He peered round again, shaking his head. 'Maybe they would. Can't understand why we can't see it . . . unless we're not where I think I am.' He licked his finger and held it up in the air as if that might give him a clue.

'Norway?' suggested Martha. 'China?'

'No,' said the Doctor. He inspected his finger. 'Might be about half a mile out. It can happen when you're crossing the universe.' He drew a deep breath. 'Just taste that Highland air. Can't mistake it!'

'Do I have to wear these clothes?' Martha

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looked d o w n at her l o n g skirt and h i g h - b u t t o n boots. She adjusted the lapels of her heavy tweed jacket. She tugged at the collar of her high-necked w h i t e blouse.

'I searched the TARDIS wardrobe to find those clothes,' said the Doctor. 'Just w h a t the w e l l -bred y o u n g lady wears for a country stroll. Look at me, I ' m n o t c o m p l a i n i n g . ' He looked h a p p i l y d o w n at his hairy tweed suit. It was exactly the same cut as the suit he usually wore.

' A l l r i g h t for y o u , a suit's a suit,' grumbled Martha. 'Men's clothes never seem to change. W h y are we bothering w i t h these outfits?'

The Doctor sighed. ' W h a t d i d y o u say to me in the TARDIS?'

'I said I wanted a b i t of peace and quiet, a touch of gracious l i v i n g . Somewhere w i t h o u t hostile aliens and nasty monsters.'

'Exactly. I promised y o u a visit to a golden age, a t i m e of peace, prosperity and calm.' He threw his arms out wide, just missing Martha, and turned in a f u l l circle on the spot. ' A n d here we are!'

'Where? N o , I suppose I mean: when?'

'Very beginning of the t w e n t i e t h century, early years of the reign of His Majesty King Edward the Seventh. The Boer War is just ending and the First W o r l d War is still years away. It's

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a golden age, but a more formal one, and that's why you've got to wear the clothes.'

'So what's the plan?'

'We soak up some healthy Highland air, then pop down to London to enjoy the high life. Imagine even get you presented at Court.'

'That sounds more like it.'

'Right,' said the Doctor. 'Come on!'

'Where?'

'To enjoy a nice bracing stroll through the countryside. We can find that missing castle while we're at it.'

Captain Harry Carruthers lay hidden behind a boulder on a nearby hillside, and wrestled with his conscience.

A few hundred yards away, across a shallow valley, was another little hill. On the crest of that hill stood a stag. And not just any old stag. A magnificent old twelve-pointer, well past its prime. A shootable stag, fair game for the hunter. It stood quite still, gazing into the distance.

Carruthers lay in the classic firing position, his rifle lined up on its target. His finger tightened on the trigger.

A touch more pressure and...

Harry Carruthers had a shameful secret. He didn't really like hunting. He was a fine shot. He

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had seen action in the Boer War and had shot quite a few Boer soldiers out of their saddles - but then, they'd been trying to shoot him.

But killing for sport, shooting at something that couldn't shoot back... Somehow he had no taste for it.

In this Edwardian age, such ideas in a young army officer would be regarded as very strange indeed. Hunting, shooting and fishing were a gentleman's natural pursuits.

So Harry Carruthers kept his secret and played along, missing as often as he decently could. Now he had a problem. He'd been ordered to shoot a stag by the King himself. The perfect stag had appeared. And orders were orders. He drew a deep breath and steadied his aim...

'My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not there,' sang the Doctor, in a surprisingly good Scots accent. 'My heart's in the Highlands - hunting the deer.'

'You're not the only one,' said Martha. She pointed.

Clearly visible on a hillside just ahead, a young man was training his rifle on a noble stag, which stood on the crest of a nearby hill.

They saw the young man take aim.

'Oi!' shouted Martha.

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The stag ran. The young man fired - and missed.

As the stag vanished over the other side of the hill, the young man rose. He came towards them, cradling the rifle in the crook of one arm.

'You made me miss my shot,' said the young man mildly. He didn't seem very annoyed.

'Yeah, well, I don't approve of blood sports,' said Martha firmly.

The young man was slim and fair, and slight in build. He wasn't much taller than she was herself. But he was, Martha suddenly realised, extremely handsome.

He gave her a charming smile. 'Not sure I approve of blood sports myself. But he was a very old stag, you know. He'll die soon anyway, perhaps in pain.'

'So you were doing him a favour?' Martha's tone made it very clear she didn't believe it.

'Well...'

'No point worrying about it now,' said the Doctor quickly. 'Allow me to introduce Miss Martha Jones, my ward. Where she comes from they have no tradition of stag hunting. There aren't any stags. Tigers, yes, very touchy tigers, they hate being hunted...'

The young man bowed. 'An honour to meet

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y o u , Miss Jones. To be honest, I ' m n o t too bothered about missing the stag myself. But I ' m afraid you've got m e i n trouble w i t h m y employer.'

Martha gave h i m a puzzled look. ' H o w come?'

'He sent me out this m o r n i n g w i t h orders to shoot a stag.'

M a r t h a snorted. ' W h o does your boss t h i n k he is, g i v i n g orders like that? King of England?'

The y o u n g m a n looked at her and smiled. 'Actually, he does. A n d , as a matter of fact, he is!'

Martha stared at h i m . ' W h a t are y o u on about? Are y o u saying y o u w o r k for the King?'

'I am - and I do. What's more, I t h i n k it's your d u t y to explain to His Majesty that y o u m a d e miss m y shot. M y life may depend o n i t !'

Martha looked horrified. 'You're n o t serious? Doctor, he's n o t serious is he?'

'Very serious matter, disobeying the K i n g , 'said the Doctor. ' C o u l d mean the Tower!'

'You're j o k i n g . '

Harry Carruthers grinned. 'He's j o k i n g . D o n ' t worry. The most the o l d boy w i l l do is p u l l m y leg about being a rotten shot.'

The Doctor smiled. 'I take it you're based at Balmoral?'

Carruthers bowed. 'Captain Harry Carruthers, aide to His Majesty King Edward the Seventh.'

'Doctor John Smith.'

Carruthers turned to Martha. 'Tell you what, why don't you come back to Balmoral for lunch? I'll introduce you to his Majesty. He loves meeting new people - especially if they're attractive and female.' He gave Martha an admiring look.

'You'd better watch out Martha,' said the Doctor. 'One of His Majesty's popular nicknames is "Edward the Caresser".'

Harry Carruthers laughed. 'Your word will be safe enough, sir. At the moment Lillie Langtry and Mrs Keppel are keeping him fully occupied.' He turned to Martha. 'Will you accept?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said the Doctor. 'But his schedule, tour of the Highlands, trip to London. We wouldn't want to impose.'

But Martha felt differently. 'Oh come on, Doctor,' she said. 'How often do you get the chance to have lunch with a king?'

After a few more polite protests, they accepted the invitation.

'Right, come along then,' said Carruthers. 'Allow me to lead the way.'

He set off down the path.

As they followed, the Doctor whispered,

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'Quite often, actually.'

'Quite often what?' asked Martha.

'Quite often I've l u n c h e d w i t h a k i n g . Henry the Eighth always p u t on a good spread...James the First was surprisingly mean. A n d as for Alfred the Great - the venison stew was allright, b u t the cakes were terrible...'

'Sssh!' said Martha.

'Not m u c h further,' said Carruthers over his shoulder. 'There's a good view of the castle w h e n we get to the top of this next h i l l . '

He strode ahead, reached the top of the h i l l -and froze.

' N o ! ' he gasped.

The Doctor and M a r t h a hurried t o j o i n h i m .

Below t h e m there should have been the splendid sight of Balmoral Castle.

But there wasn't.

Instead, there was a vast, o d d l y shaped area of bare earth, a shallow crater, surrounded by gardens, fountains and paths.

The Doctor and M a r t h a looked at each other. Then, b o t h speaking at once, they said one word.

'Judoon!'

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Chapter Three

Hunt for a Castle

Harry Carruthers gave them a stunned stare. 'What?'

Martha looked at the Doctor. 'Judoon,' she said again. 'It's got to be, hasn't it, Doctor?'

'The technique does seem familiar,' agreed the Doctor. 'The Judoon, or a gang of very eager workers with a very, very, very large crane.'

The Doctor and Martha had come across the Judoon before. In fact, it was how they'd met. The hospital where Martha had been a medical student had been whisked away to the moon by the Judoon. They had taken Martha and the Doctor with it.

In the dangerous events that followed, Martha had learned that the high-tech Judoon were a sort of police force for hire. They'd hijacked the hospital in their hunt for a murderous shape-changing Plasmavore, a kind of space vampire.

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In the end, like the Canadian Mounties, the Judoon had got their man - or rather old woman. The Plasmavore had been disguised as an elderly female patient.

In the process, they'd risked the lives of the Doctor, Martha and a whole hospital full of doctors, nurses and patients. The Judoon were ruthlessly single-minded in their pursuit of what they saw as justice.

The Doctor was fishing a slender torch-like device out of his pocket. He adjusted its controls then waved it towards the gaping crater. The device buzzed and clicked.

'Plasma coil traces,' said the Doctor. 'It's the Judoon all right.'

He switched off the device and put it away.

Harry Carruthers, slowly getting over the shock, looked from one to the other of them. 'Look, who are you? What's going on? And what the devil are these Judoon?'

The Doctor sighed. Explaining was always the difficult bit. 'I'm the Doctor and this is Martha. At the moment, I've no idea what's going on. And the Judoon...' He paused. 'Let's just say they're an alien race with the ability to cause what's happened here.'

Carruthers shook his head. 'But it's impossible...'

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The Doctor waved towards the crater below. 'But it's happened,' he said gently. 'You d o n ' t have to believe me, b u t y o u must believe your o w n eyes.'

Carruthers was struggling to understand. 'You said an alien race. You mean f r o m outer space? Like in the books by that chap Wells? War of the

Worlds and all that?'

'Very like,' agreed the Doctor. 'Except a Judoon is more like a giant r h i n o t h a n a giant octopus.'

'But that's just fantasy,' said Carruthers. 'Just imagination.'

'O h , come o n , ' snapped the Doctor. 'There are thousands of planets in the galaxy and m i l l i o n s of galaxies. Do y o u really imagine your l i t t l e Earth is the o n l y one to support intelligent lifeforms?' T u r n i n g away, he studied the crater. 'To shift something that size, t h e y ' d have needed some k i n d of plasma beacon to focus the energy. Somehow they must have smuggled one inside the castle.' He t u r n e d back to Carruthers. ' T h i n k carefully. D i d y o u see any k i n d of advanced alien device inside the castle?'

' I d o n ' t t h i n k so... W h a t w o u l d i t look like? Something very big?'

'Doesn't have to be. A glass sphere probably, about the size of a cricket ball. There m i g h t be

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some kind of spinning energy vortex inside, like a sort of whirlwind.'

Carruthers looked stunned. 'I can't tell you exactly where it was, Doctor. It was in my luggage. I took it into the castle.' He looked at the crater where the castle had once stood. He grabbed the Doctor's arm and said wildly, 'Don't you see? I'm responsible! I'm responsible for this!'

Gently the Doctor freed his arm. 'Captain Carruthers, you're not responsible for this - the Judoon are. The Judoon and whoever's behind them.'

'What do you mean, behind them?' asked Martha.

'The Judoon don't act alone,' said the Doctor. 'Somebody's employed them, hired them to do this.'

'But why?'

'That's one of the things we've got to find out,' said the Doctor.

'You?' Carruthers said in disbelief.

'Oh yes,' the Doctor told him.

'You bet,' Martha added.

'Who else is qualified?' the Doctor asked. 'Anyway, I resent people mucking about with old buildings. And we have a more selfish reason...'

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'Well?' said Carruthers.

'What's happened here puts Martha's entire future in danger - her friends and family too.'

'How so?'

'Huge interference with the timeline,' said the Doctor. 'No King Edward the Seventh means no George the Fifth, so no George the Sixth.'

Carruthers began to splutter, but the Doctor carried on regardless.

'No Elizabeth the Second, God bless her, and no King Charles the Third and Queen Camilla, no King William the Fifth - no, you haven't got there yet, have you? Anyway you see what I mean.'

'Not exactly, no,' Martha said. 'And the Royals affect me and my family because...?'

'Everyone's life will be disrupted,' said the Doctor. 'All human history changed. This might only be the start of it. Imagine - castles going missing all over Britain. Anything could happen. Or not happen. Your mum might never meet your dad and you'd never be born. We've got to sort this out.'

'Nothing to do with a certain person being completely unable to mind his own business, I suppose?'

'Certainly not,' said the Doctor. 'A Time Lord's got to do what a Time Lord's got to do.' He

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nudged her shoulder gently. 'A n d i t ' l l b e f u n . I mean, aren't y o u c u r i o u s - j u s t a t i n y b i t ?'

Harry Carruthers was staring w i l d l y a t t h e m . ' W h a t t h e d e v i l a r e y o u t w o t a l k i n g a b o u t ? W e ' v e g o t t o d o s o m e t h i n g . '

' O h y e s , ' s a i d t h e D o c t o r . ' A n d y o u c a n h e l p u s . '

' I c a n ? H o w ? '

'You say you brought the plasma beacon to the castle. The glass sphere w i t h t h e s p i n n i n g v o r t e x . Y o u d i d n ' t j u s t f i n d i t l y i n g i n t h e g u t t e r , d i d y o u ? S o , t e l l u s , w h e r e d i d y o u g e t i t ? W h o g a v e i t t o y o u ?'

' M y d o c t o r , ' s a i d C a r r u t h e r s . ' G o o d g r i e f , a n o t h e r d o c t o r . T h i s b u s i n e s s i s f u l l o f d o c t o r s . W e l l a c t u a l l y , h e ' s n o t m y d o c t o r a n y l o n g e r . U s e d t o b e o u r f a m i l y d o c t o r , b u t h e g a v e u p m e d i c i n e y e a r s a g o . H e ' s a w r i t e r n o w . '

'Name?' asked the Doctor patiently.

'Arthur. A r t h u r C o n a n D o y l e . '

'The Sherlock Holmes man?' Martha said.

'That's r i g h t . '

' A r t h u r C o n a n D o y l e ? ' t h e D o c t o r s a i d . ' H o w d i d A r t h u r C o n a n D o y l e c o m e t o g i v e y o u t h e d e v i c e ? W h y d i d h e g i v e y o u t h e d e v i c e ? I m e a n , w h e r e d i d h e g e t t h e d e v i c e ? '

Carruthers shrugged. 'He turned up at my rooms the n i g h t b e f o r e I c a m e u p t o B a l m o r a l . '

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Seemed very worried. I was surprised to see him. We'd met once or twice since he gave up medicine, but we weren't close.'

'Go on.' The Doctor waggled his fingers, teasing out the man's story.

'He produced this glass sphere with a kind of spinning light inside. Said it was a scientific breakthrough, a possible energy source of great power. Begged me to take it to Balmoral, and show it to the King. He wanted me to persuade the King to pass it on to the top scientific fellows in the Royal Society. Said he was writing a report explaining everything, but he was desperate to get the device into safe hands.'

'So you agreed?'

'Well not at first. But he went on and on, seemed so frantic. And, well, the thing looked harmless enough. Sort of a fancy crystal ball. It thought it might amuse His Majesty. So I gave in and took it.'

'What happened then?'

'He swore me to secrecy before he left.'

'Did he say where he'd got this crystal ball thing?' asked Martha.

'Not a word. To tell the truth I wasn't really interested enough to ask. Seemed like a parlour trick - as I said, an amusement. I chucked it into my bag and forgot about it.'

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'Weren't you surprised by all this?' asked Martha.

'Very much so.'

'Well, I'm not,' said the Doctor. 'I met him once. On the outside, he's a big serious chap with a big serious moustache. Typical Victorian gent. But there's a side of him that loves his ghosts and goblins and fairies.'

'And aliens?' suggested Martha.

'Could be,' said the Doctor. 'He'd be a sucker for a friendly alien with a good story.'

'So what do we do now?' Martha asked.

'Oh, I think that's pretty obvious.'

'It is?'

'Captain Carruthers, I need your help.'

'Of course, anything I can do,' said Carruthers.

'Take Martha back to London. Find Conan Doyle and make him tell you where he got the glass sphere. Then come and tell me what he says.'

'And what will you be doing?' asked Martha.

'I've got a missing castle to track down,' the Doctor told her.

'And then?'

'I'll get inside the castle, do the tour. Maybe pop into the gift shop and get the T-shirt. And find out just what's going on.'

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'N o w wait a m i n u t e , ' said Martha. ' I ' m c o m i n g w i t h y o u . Captain Carruthers can chase ConanDoyle o n his o w n . '

' M a r t h a , ' said the Doctor. 'I need your help too. I can't be in t w o places at once. The i n f o r m a t i o n you're going after is v i t a l . A n d you're the o n l y o n e w h o can get it to me.'

M a r t h a knew w h a t he meant. The Doctor had soniced her mobile phone so it had a near-endless battery life and an amazing range.

'You're n o t just sending me o u t of danger?' she asked suspiciously.

' I ' m just worried I ' m sending y o u into danger,' said the Doctor. 'At least I k n o w w h a t I ' l l be facing. You d o n ' t ! '

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Chapter Four

The Sherlock Holmes Man

Captain Carruthers was recovering f r o m hisshock. Still confused, he was determined to geta grip on the situation.

'Hadn't we better give the alarm about allthis?' He waved at the gaping crater.

'Certainly n o t , ' said the Doctor. 'For one t h i n g ,there's no need. Even in the remote Highlandsof Scotland, someone's going to notice a missingcastle after a w h i l e . But w i t h any luck, it mayn o t happen for a bit. For the m o m e n t , the lessfuss the better.'

'If y o u say so, Doctor,' said Carruthers. 'Well,if we're going to go back to L o n d o n , we'd betterget m o v i n g . There's a t r a i n at--'

'Take far too l o n g , ' said the Doctor.

'What then?'

' I ' l l give y o u a l i f t , ' said the Doctor. 'Get y o u there m u c h quicker.'

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'Quicker t h a n a train?'

' M u c h quicker,' said Martha.

'I say, y o u haven't got one of these new-fangled f l y i n g machines? Like those W r i g h t Brothers in America? There's a French fellow called Bleriot swears he's going to fly the channel. Pilot are y o u , Doctor?'

'After a fashion,' said the Doctor. 'Pioneer, certainly. Come o n , t i m e we got m o v i n g . '

As they set off back d o w n the h i l l , Martha smiled to herself. Captain Harry Carruthers was in for another shock.

In fact, Carruthers accepted the journey back to L o n d o n in a police box that h a d n ' t been invented yet quite calmly. It was as if his powers of astonishment were all used u p .

Even the fact t h a t the TARDIS was bigger on the inside t h a n the outside h a d n ' t t h r o w n h i m t o o m u c h . He looked r o u n d the complex c o n t r o l r o o m and said drily, 'Most impressive.'

The Doctor busied himself setting controls at the central console for quite some t i m e .

'Sorry it's taking so l o n g , ' he said to t h e m after a w h i l e . 'Believe it or n o t , these short trips are trickier t h a n l o n g ones. Pluto w o u l d be easier t h a n Piccadilly. There's the t i m e factor too - d o n ' t want to arrive before we set off.' He

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stared in to space. Then he shook his head. 'No, definitely not.'

At last, the Doctor was happy, and the central column began its rise and fall.

A few minutes later, the TARDIS was standing on the corner of a quiet side street just by Piccadilly Circus.

The Doctor opened the doors, and Martha peered out. She always felt a thrill of excitement at finding out where they were.

Sure enough, there were the familiar London streets, jammed not with cars but with crowded horse-drawn buses and hansom cabs. No tube station - that would not open until 1906, in a few more years - and no neon signs. But there was Eros. It was Piccadilly Circus all right.

'Off you go then,' said the Doctor. 'Good luck. Don't forget, Martha, get in touch as soon as you can.'

They left the TARDIS and watched as it faded away. It had come and gone so quickly that nobody seemed to notice. Or if they did, they didn't believe their eyes.

Carruthers raised his hand and hailed a hansom cab. 'Mount Street please, driver!'

'Where are we going?' asked Martha.

'My rooms.'

'Why?'

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'My dear girl, I can't go parading about Town in country tweeds.'

Despite Martha's protests, Carruthers would not be swayed. Then, when they reached his rooms, he tried to make Martha wait outside.

'My man's on holiday, and you can't possibly be alone with me in my rooms. What about your reputation?'

'Yeah, well we're not likely to meet anyone who knows me.'

Martha waited in Carruthers' little sitting room until he appeared in a dark suit, complete with hat, stick and gloves.

'Very nice,' said Martha. 'Now can we go and find your friend Doyle? It is urgent, you know.'

'We'll try the Grand in Northumberland Avenue first. He nearly always stays there.'

The horse-drawn hansom cab drew up outside the entrance of a large hotel.

'There you are, sir,' called the driver. 'Grand Hotel.'

Harry Carruthers got out and helped Martha to climb down. He paid the driver, who touched his hat, cracked his whip and drove away.

Carruthers turned to Martha. 'As I said, he usually stays here when he's in London. But if not, there are one or two others we could try.'

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He took her inside.

They were in luck, however - Doyle was staying at the hotel. Carruthers told them at the reception desk that he was an old friend of Doyle's, here on urgent business. He insisted on being shown up to his room.

At the top of a short staircase they were shown through the door of a first-floor suite.

They entered a smartly furnished sitting room. At the same moment, a big man with a large moustache came in through the bedroom doors.

He held out his hand. 'Harry! I thought you were still at Balmoral.'

'I was, until a very short time ago. Allow me to introduce my friend Miss Jones, a visitor from . . .' He broke off, realising he had no idea where Martha was actually from. 'Er, Miss Jones, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle - famous creator of Sherlock Holmes.'

Sir Arthur frowned.

'More important, an eminent doctor and a famous historical novelist,' added Carruthers quickly.

Sir Arthur beamed and bowed. 'An honour, Miss Jones. Please, be seated.'

Doyle sat in a huge leather armchair, Martha and Carruthers on a velvet sofa.

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'Congratulations on the k n i g h t h o o d , SirA r t h u r , ' said Carruthers. 'A Royal n o d , y o u m i g h t say'

' W h a t d o y o u mean?'

'They say His Majesty's a great SherlockHolmes fan, wants more stories f r o m y o u . '

'The h o n o u r h a d n o t h i n g t o d o w i t h Holmes,'protested Doyle. 'I've killed the fellow off, y o u know. He was distracting attention f r o m myw o r k as a historical novelist. The k n i g h t h o o d was for w r i t i n g The War in South Africa: Its Causes*and Conduct. A n d of course for my medicalw o r k . '* He turned to Martha. 'Tried to get i n t o t h e f i g h t i n g but they w o u l d n ' t have me! So Iwent o u t as a doctor.'

Martha felt it was t i m e t o get d o w n to business.'We've come to see y o u on a very urgent matter,Sir Arthur. We need your help.'

'Of course, my dear. A n y t h i n g I can do.'

'You remember v i s i t i n g me in my rooms,Arthur, just before I set off for Balmoral?' askedCarruthers. 'You gave me a device - a crystalsphere w i t h a s p i n n i n g l i g h t inside.'

Doyle looked at Martha. 'This is a very privatematter, Captain Carruthers.'

'Miss Jones has m y f u l l confidence,' saidCarruthers. He had a sudden idea. 'Miss Jonesis assistant to a very noted scientist - a certain

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Doctor Smith, w h o is very interested in your device.'

Carruthers t u r n e d to M a r t h a for support.

'The Doctor thinks the device has great potential as an energy source,' she said solemnly. 'But he wants to k n o w more about it - like where y o u g o t i t f r o m . '

'That's r i g h t , ' said Carruthers. ' W h o gave it to you? Where d i d it come from?'

Doyle looked worried, and his big frame shifted uneasily. 'I am n o t at liberty to say. I w a s t o l d -- '

'Unless y o u confide in us, the matter can g o n o further,' said Carruthers sternly. 'The benefitsof the device w i l l be lost to h u m a n i t y . '

Doyle still looked d o u b t f u l .

'Just tell us w h o gave it to y o u , ' urged M a r t h a . 'That's all. Then we can go and ask t h e m about i t . It's up to t h e m w h a t they tell us t h e n . Please, Sir Arthur. You must tell us!'

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Chapter Five

The Cosmic Peacemakers

There was a moment's pause, then Conan Doyle said, 'Very well.'

He rose and strode up and down on the thick Turkish carpet.

'On my return from South Africa, I was invited to join a highly secret scientific society- the Cosmic Peacemakers. I'd heard rumours about them for some time. Their work lies on the extreme frontiers of science.' He paused. 'They concern themselves with the spiritual side of science, as well as the purely mechanical. They believe that it is possible to contact other planes, other worlds.'

'Just the sort of thing the Doctor said Doyle would be a sucker for,' thought Martha. 'Ourloud she said, 'Sounds fascinating. Go on.'

'After I'd attended several of their meetings, they produced this device. They said it came

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f r o m beyond this Earth. I was urged to make it k n o w n to the highest authorities. They suggested the K i n g himself.'

'Where are these people based?' asked Carruthers.

Again Doyle hesitated.

'Please,' said Martha. 'A l l we need is an address.'

'They have a laboratory,' said Doyle. ' I t is in Black Dog Lane, an alley b e h i n d the wharvesto the east of L o n d o n Bridge. It's n o t easy to find.'

' H o w do we get there?' asked Carruthers.

'You reach it by a steep f l i g h t of steps between a g i n palace and an o l d clothes shop. It's a sordid area, b u t it gives t h e m the privacy they need.'

' I bet,' m u r m u r e d Martha.

'Thank y o u , ' said Carruthers.

Outside the hotel, Carruthers asked, ' W h a t n o w ?'

Martha had a strange h o l l o w feeling. Was it fear? Was a disaster coming? She looked up at Carruthers.

'What's the matter, Miss Jones?'

'I just realised - I never got that royal l u n c h y o u promised me. I never got any l u n c h at all. I ' m starving!'

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Carruthers looked guilty. 'M y dear y o u n g l a d y,' he said. 'D o n ' t w o r r y, I k n o w t h e v e r y p l a c e.'

He waved his stick, a n d a passing hansom cab stopped beside t h e m . 'G o l d e n R o s e R e s t a u r a n t, p l e a s e, c a b b i e.'

Half an hour later, they were sitting in a quiet b o o t h i n a l i t t l e S o h o restaurant. There were f l o w e r s and a l i g h t e d candle at their table. T h e w h o l e p l a c e h a d a w a r m and i n t i m a t e feel. There was even a g y p s y v i o l i n i s t .

Soon Martha and Carruthers were t u c k i n g i n t o a n excellent meal of steak and chips. Carruthers washed i t d o w n w i t h a bottle of w i n e .

'You t h i n k we should visit this laboratory?' Carruthers asked as they ate.

'W h a t d o y o u t h i n k ? ' Martha said. 'N o p o i n t i n s t o p p i n g n o w t h a t w e ' r e g e t t i n g s o m e w h e r e.'

'O f c o u r s e,' said Carruthers. 'B u t s h o u l d n ' t y o u s p e a k t o t h e D o c t o r f i r s t?'

'A n d t e l l h i m w h a t? A w e i r d n a m e and a d o d g y a d d r e s s? W e ' v e g o t n o t h i n g w o r t h t e l l i n g h i m - y e t.'

'S o w h a t d o y o u s u g g e s t?'

'A v i s i t t o B l a c k D o g L a n e, and t h e l a b o r a t o r y o f t h e C o s m i c P e a c e m a k e r s.'

Carruthers was l o o k i n g w o r r i e d. 'T h a t c o u l d

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be dangerous. I d o n ' t t h i n k the Doctor w o u l d approve.'

'Well, he's n o t here, is he?' said Marthacheerfully. 'Anyway, he loves danger - y o u ask h i m . ' She frowned. ' A n d I ' m sure he's in it upto his neck!'

The Doctor was staring at the scanner screen in the TARDIS c o n t r o l r o o m . It was showing a view of the planet Earth as seen f r o m space. This was natural enough, since the TARDIS was in a parking orbit around the planet.

The Doctor needed to trace the plasma coil currents to their final destination. He h a d spent a lot of t i m e estimating their p a t h . N o w he was about to see if he was correct.

Flexing l o n g t h i n fingers, he reached o u t and pressed the f i n a l c o n t r o l .

The image on the screen grew larger and larger u n t i l it showed w h a t looked like a blank space w i t h an energy pulse at its centre.

The Doctor rubbed his hands together. 'Still haven't lost my t o u c h . Eat your heart out, Google Earth!'

He studied the data f l o w i n g across the b o t t o m of the screen.

'There y o u go - slap bang in the m i d d l e of the Empty Quarter. Two h u n d r e d and f i f t y

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thousand square miles of Arabian desert. The most deserted place on Earth. But not any more, it seems.'

He touched more controls and the screen disappeared. The Doctor turned back to the console.

'Here we go!' He paused. 'I wonder why Martha's taking so long to get in touch . . . '

'Here you are, lady and gent,' said the cab driver. 'Corner of Black Dog Lane. You're on foot from now on. Street's too narrow to take the cab down, even if I wanted to, which I don't. And don't you ask me to wait, because I'm not going to, not round here.'

Carruthers and Martha got out. Carruthers paid the driver, and the cab rattled away.

Black Dog Lane - it was more of an alley really - lived up to the promise of its name. It was dark, dank, dirty, very smelly and probably visited by lots of dogs. The scents of the nearby river - muddy water, tar, warehouses full of tea and coal and spices - mixed with far more unpleasant smells from the open sewer that ran down the middle of the street.

The lane itself ran between tall, rickety buildings that seemed to lean forward as if to crush it.

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'Yuk!' said Martha, s u m m i n g i t a l l u p .

' C h a r m i n g s p o t , ' m u r m u r e d C a r r u t h e r s . ' W a n t t o t u r n b a c k ? '

'Certainly n o t . C o m e o n ! '

They set off d o w n the alley, avoiding the worst of the puddles and t r y i n g n o t t o s t e p i n a n y t h i n g t o o u n p l e a s a n t .

The first of their landmarks, the g i n palace, was easy to find. Its lights blazed halfway d o w n the g l o o m y alley. Martha and Carruthers could hear l o u d voices and louder music.

As they drew nearer, they saw a number of h u d d l e d bodies l y i n g on the pavement nearby.

They stopped, n o t w a n t i n g t o g e t t o o c l o s e . Martha was horrified b u t Carruthers seemed t o t a k e i t a l l f o r g r a n t e d .

'Typical g i n m i l l , d r u n k f o r t u p p e n c e , d e a d d r u n k f o r s i x p e n c e . '

Martha looked at the shop t h e y ' d s t o p p e d o u t s i d e . Its g r i m y w i n d o w s h e l d p i l e s o f o l d c l o t h e s , s o s h a b b y i t s e e m e d i m p o s s i b l e a n y o n e w o u l d b u y t h e m .

' A n d h e r e ' s t h e o l d c l o t h e s s h o p , ' s h e s a i d . ' S o t h e s t e p s s h o u l d b e j u s t a l i t t l e f u r t h e r o n . '

A n d s o t h e y w e r e . T h e y l e d s t e e p l y d o w n t o a l i t t l e a r e a . I n t h e w a l l o n t h e l e f t , M a r t h a c o u l d j u s t m a k e o u t a h e a v y d o o r w i t h a s m a l l l i g h t b u r n i n g a b o v e i t .

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Carruthers led the way down the steps, and they paused outside the door. There was no bell and no knocker, so Carruthers hammered loudly on the door with his fist. But nothing happened.

Martha took off her heavy walking shoe and used that, banging away at the door as hard as she could.

This did get a result. A hatch opened in the upper part of the door and a skull-like face looked out. A cold, creaking voice said, 'Go away, you drunken fools, or it'll be the worse for you.'

'We're here on important business,' shouted Martha. 'We come from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.'

'Official government business,' shouted Carruthers. 'Open in the name of the King!'

The hatch slammed shut, and Martha thought that was it.

But, a few moments later, the door creaked open, and they both stared in astonishment.

A white-haired, white-robed figure with a thin handsome face stood just inside the doorway, bathed in a golden glow. It spoke in a voice of mellow sweetness.

'Enter, my children. Welcome to the home of the Cosmic Peacemakers.'

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The figure stepped back, beckoning Martha and Carruthers inside.

They went through into the golden glow. The heavy door slammed shut behind them.

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Chapter Six

The Empty Quarter

For a brief moment, the silence of the desert was disturbed by a strange wheezing, groaning sound. A blue police box materialised on top of a sand dune.

The Doctor came out, reeling a little in the fierce heat. Feeling that heavy tweeds would not do for the desert, he'd changed back into one of his usual pinstripe suits. But even in that he was far too hot.

He considered going back inside for shorts and decided he could not be bothered. He looked at the scene around him.

All around there was sand, mile upon mile of it. Weirdly shaped dunes with oddly patterned sides, like the one he was now standing on. Flat rolling areas with complex patterns traced in the sand. Nothing but sand - in every direction but one.

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There, directly in front of him, at the bottom of a huge shallow bowl in the desert, was an enormous building. Or rather, several buildings, linked by lower wings. There was a massive square tower on one corner and a smaller round one close by.

'Balmoral Castle,' murmured the Doctor. 'Oh, you are such an excellent example of over-the-top Victorian Gothic! So what on Earth are you doing here?'

In the distance, just beyond the castle, stood a cluster of three giant metal columns. They were as tall as tower blocks, and stood on stubby legs which extended outwards from the base of the column. They were Judoon spaceships.

'And why here?' he wondered.

Maybe the Judoon, with their usual directness, had just picked out the biggest blank space on the planet and plonked down their spaceships and their stolen castle in the middle of it.

The Doctor noticed that the castle was covered with an almost invisible transparent dome. There was a kind of shimmering blur, quite distinct from the desert heat haze.

With a sudden crack, a bullet whizzed past his head. The Doctor dropped flat in the sand.

Slowly, he raised his head. White-robed horsemen were thundering down the sides of

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the b o w l . They were shouting and screaming and firing their rifles in the air - desert raiders, carrying o u t their usual noisy charge to terrify their enemies. C o m i n g across the castle in the desert must have seemed a great o p p o r t u n i t y for a spot of l o o t i n g .

This t i m e , the Doctor suspected, they were out of luck.

The leading horseman charged towards the castle a n d bounced back, repelled by an invisible w a l l . The shock of the impact sent h i m f l y i n g f r o m his horse. The horse itself staggered back and collapsed in the sand.

More and more attackers rode u p , o n l y to suffer the same fate. Soon the area in f r o n t of the castle was a tangle of fallen m e n and rearing horses. Shouts and screams and curses floated up as the angry horsemen struggled to regain their m o u n t s and their places in the saddle.

They managed it at last, and regrouped. They m i l l e d about for a w h i l e , w i t h m u c h swearing and shouting and shooting. But their bullets pinged off the force field r o u n d the castle. Finally, frustrated a n d angry, they disappeared i n t o the desert, in search, no doubt, of easier prey.

The Doctor waited u n t i l the last hoof beat had died away, t h e n got up and made his way

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down the side of the dune towards the castle. He had to find some way to get inside. Something better than charging on horseback, screaming and firing a rifle.

'Still, it did look pretty,' he thought as he trudged across the sand. 'A good old-fashioned cavalry charge. Straight out of Lawrence of Arabia- or do I mean Carry On Up the Khyber? Possibly *Spamalot*...'

Martha and Carruthers were waiting for the Cosmic Peacemaker who had greeted them to return. He had introduced himself as Professor Challoner, then excused himself shortly after the beginning of their meeting.

To Martha it almost felt like she had moved from the past, the hansom cabs and gin places of Edwardian London, to the future. The room they sat in was furnished all in white. The furniture was spare and simple, and the glass walls glowed with an inner light.

Professor Challoner came back into the room, his thin face full of concern. Three white-robed figures followed him, all tall and thin and saintly looking.

'These are my colleagues. They are very anxious to hear what you have to say. Forgive the slight delay. I had something very important to attend

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to. Now, the device caused a disaster, y o u say?I was assured that it was harmless. Otherwise,**of course, I should never have given it to our**friend Doyle. Please, tell me w h a t happened.'

Carruthers had carefully avoided any m e n t i o n of the missing Balmoral Castle, a n d wasn'tquite sure w h a t to say. He looked h o p e f u l l y atMartha.

'We're n o t quite sure,' said M a r t h a . 'Thereports f r o m Scotland are still a b i t confused,and no one seems to k n o w quite what's going o n . W h a t we need to know, Professor, is w h a t thedevice is. What's it for? A n d more i m p o r t a n t l y ,where d i d y o u get it?'

Challoner sighed. 'I o n l y w i s h I could be moreh e l p f u l . The purpose, as I understand i t , is toact as some k i n d of energy source. Huge powerstored in a very small space.'

' A n d where does it come from? Was itdeveloped here, in these laboratories?' askedCarruthers.

' N o . It came f r o m abroad. It was invented, ordiscovered, by one of our foreign colleagues.The device came f r o m a monastery in Tibet - agreat source of ancient w i s d o m . '

'Can y o u contact these colleagues?' askedMartha. 'Get t h e m to tell us w h a t we need toknow.'

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'Naturally, I shall do so immediately,' said Professor Challoner. 'However, it may take some little while. It is difficult to reach such a remote part of the world...'

Martha nodded. 'I understand. Please do what you can. We mustn't take up any more of your time.'

They rose and Professor Challoner showed them to the door.

Martha paused. 'I wonder if we could take a look round your laboratories before we go?'

Challoner shook his head sadly. 'Quite out of the question, I fear. Our work here is extremely advanced. It would be baffling, and possibly dangerous. If you will come this way?'

Minutes later, they were again climbing the dirty steps that led back up to Black Dog Lane.

'What do you make of that?' asked Carruthers as they reached the alley.

'He was playing for time,' said Martha. 'Monastery in Tibet, my foot.'

'Well, we didn't learn much, did we?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Martha. 'As the Doctor says, know your enemy. At least we got a look at him. And at his HQ. That room we sat in...'

'What about it?'

'Did you ever see lightning like that before?'

'Well, no. But I'm not an expert at what

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is possible w i t h the new forms of electriclighting.'

'That r o o m doesn't belong i n this t i m e . A n dthere was something else...'

'What?'

'You remember that face that appeared in thehatch and tried to send us away?'

Carruthers shuddered. 'Regular death'shead.'

'Then the door opened and there was saintlyo l d Challoner.'

'Well, it couldn't have been the same m a n , 'said Carruthers. 'They must have an uglyd o o r m a n w h o w e n t t o get h i m . D o o r m a n left,Challoner appeared.'

Martha shook her head. 'There wasn't t i m e . '

'But w h a t does that mean?'

M a r t h a shrugged. ' I d o n ' t know. But i t m i g h tmean that Challoner can change his shape.Hideous to saintly in a second!'

They left Black Dog Lane and walked towardsthe place where t h e y ' d got out of the cab.

' W h a t now?' asked Carruthers. 'Are y o u goingt o get i n touch w i t h the Doctor?'

' N o t yet. Let's go back and see y o u r friend SirArthur. He t o l d us he spent some t i m e w i t h thisCosmic Peacemaker l o t . He must have learnedsomething about t h e m , and I d o n ' t t h i n k he

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was t e l l i n g us everything he knows.'

They h a d to walk for some t i m e before theyreached an area where they could find another cab. W h e n one appeared at last, Carruthershailed i t .

'Grand Hotel, cabbie.'

They got o u t of the cab, a n d Carruthers paidoff the driver. As they t u r n e d to enter thehotel, they saw Sir A r t h u r C o n a n Doyle himselfcoming out.

' A r t h u r ! ' called Carruthers. 'Just the m a n weneed! Glad we caught y o u . '

Conan Doyle looked a t h i m i n amazement. 'Harry? I t h o u g h t y o u were still in Scotland!A n d who's your c h a r m i n g y o u n g friend?'

Carruthers stared. 'You k n o w I ' m n o t i n Scotland. We came to see y o u just over an h o u r ago.'

'Nonsense, dear boy,' said C o n a n Doyle. ' D o n ' t be silly, now. You k n o w I haven't seeny o u for nearly a m o n t h . '

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Chapter Seven

The Judoon

Harry Carruthers stared at Conan Doyle in utterastonishment. 'Steady o n , A r t h u r o l d chap. Iintroduced y o u to Miss Jones.'

'When? I ' m sure I ' d remember.'

'We all had a l o n g conversation, just a fewhours ago.'

'About the Cosmic Peacemakers,' said Martha.' A n d the crystal sphere y o u gave CaptainCarruthers to take to Balmoral.'

'Cosmic who? Never heard of t h e m . A n d w h a tcrystal ball?'

'Arthur, please, y o u must remember,' beggedCarruthers. 'This is urgent - really urgent.'

Sir A r t h u r Conan Doyle said crossly, ' N o wlisten to me, my boy. The last t i m e we met wasfor d i n n e r at your parents' house, just over threeweeks ago. A n d I've never seen this c h a r m i n g y o u n g lady before in all my life! I am certain

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I w o u l d remember.' He sighed, and w e n t o n : 'Looks to me as if y o u t w o have been overdoing it a b i t . Spot of l u n c h in Soho, eh? Bottle of bubbly - or two? Gone to your head!'

'As it happens we d i d visit the Golden Rose,' said Carruthers stiffly. 'But I assure y o u , no champagne was d r u n k . We are b o t h quite sober!'

A hansom cab came by and C o n a n Doyle hailed i t . 'Well, it seems w e ' l l have to agree to differ t h e n . Now, I ' m sorry I can't stop, Harry. I m p o r t a n t meeting. G o i n g to see the editor of *The Strand Magazine*. He's after more *Holmes* stories. I ' l l be at the Grand for a few more days. Pop r o u n d and see me and w e ' l l have a nice l o n g chat. Bring your y o u n g friend and introduce her to me properly, w h y d o n ' t you?'

He j u m p e d i n t o the cab and it rattled away, leaving Harry Carruthers staring after it w i t h an expression of almost comical astonishment.

He t u r n e d to Martha. 'I d o n ' t understand i t . Arthur's the most honest m a n I k n o w . W h a t made h i m lie like that?'

'Maybe that wasn't A r t h u r Conan Doyle. If these Cosmic Peacemakers really can change their shape, that could have been one of t h e m , just pretending to be Doyle.'

'Nonsense, y o u n g lady, nonsense. I know

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Arthur Conan Doyle, and that most certainly was Arthur Conan Doyle,' insisted Carruthers.

'Yeah, maybe...' said Martha doubtfully. She thought for a moment. 'All right, let's say it is him. I don't think he's lying at all - not as far as he's concerned. He really and truly doesn't remember meeting us. Or giving you that sphere.'

'But how...'

'He's been brainwashed,' said Martha. 'Bits of his memory have been wiped. Remember the way Challoner left the room for a moment, just after you mentioned Doyle's name? The Cosmic Peacemakers are covering their tracks!' She considered. 'Now that is something worth telling the Doctor!'

Watched by Carruthers, Martha took a slim metal device from her pocket. She pressed some buttons and held it to her ear. It made a high-pitched whine. She shook it and tried again, still with out success.

'No good, I can't reach him.'

'Perhaps he's out of range,' suggested Carruthers. 'Scotland's a long way away.'

She switched the mobile phone off and put it away. 'Believe me, this thing will reach further than that. Besides, I doubt if he's still in Scotland. He'll be chasing Balmoral.'

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Carruthers drew a deep breath. 'N o w I really could do w i t h a d r i n k ! Come o n . '

He led the way back i n t o the Grand. They f o u n d a quiet table in the lounge under a p o t t e d p a l m . An ancient waiter appeared and Carruthers ordered a bottle of champagne. The waiter staggered off, t h e n returned w i t h s u r p r i s i n g speed. He opened the champagne and poured t w o glasses. Then he p u t the bottle in a silver ice bucket and moved away.

Carruthers gulped d o w n his champagne, and immediately poured another glass. He looked at Martha, w h o hadn't touched hers.

'D r i n k i t d o w n . It's good for y o u . We've been accused of d r i n k i n g the bubbly, so we m i g h t a s w e l l d o i t ! '

'Thanks,' Martha t o l d h i m , 'but I ' l l stick t o water.'

Carruthers shrugged. 'Suit yourself.' He waved to a passing waiter. 'Tonic water for the lady, i f y o u w o u l d . ' He t u r n e d to Martha. 'Unless y o u ' d rather soda?'

'Tonic's fine, thanks.'

'Well,' said Carruthers as Martha's t o n i c water arrived, 'Doyle can't tell us a n y t h i n g . We can't reach the Doctor, and we discovered v e r y l i t t l e about the Cosmic Peacemakers. W h a t do we do now?'

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'Go back to the Cosmic Peacemakers and find out some more.'

'How? I don't suppose they'll let us in the front door.'

'Then we'll use the back door - if we can find it.' Martha sipped at her tonic water. 'Right,' she said. 'Now, listen carefully. Here's my plan.'

Carruthers listened, becoming more and more shocked as Martha went on. He put down his champagne and did not refill the glass.

'We can't do that!' he said when she'd finished. 'What would the Doctor say?'

Martha shrugged. 'Can't ask him, can we? Anyway, knowing the Doctor, he's probably got enough troubles of his own.'

The Doctor was waiting through treacle - at least, that's what it felt like. As soon as he'd got close to the castle, he had come up against an invisible wall. A force field, just as he had expected.

'A very forceful force field,' he muttered. 'Powerful enough to bounce back a charging horseman. But not much for a determined Doctor!'

He took out his sonic screwdriver and took a series of readings. He made some adjustments to the tool, and its end glowed fiercely.

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'Aha!' said the Doctor. 'That's sorted i t ! '

The Doctor made the shape of a big arch w i t h the sonic screwdriver.

'Open Sesame!' he said. He stepped t h r o u g h the arch i n t o the force field - and stuck halfway through.

'Temporary setback,' he muttered.

Swinging his arm w i t h great d i f f i c u l t y he made another arch. He m o v e d a few inches further f o r w a r d - and stuck again.

I n c h by i n c h the Doctor carved his way t h r o u g h the force field. It was a l o n g and exhausting business. But at l o n g last he popped out the other side. His clothes were a mess and he was p a n t i n g .

'Judoon technology,' he grumbled. 'Just showing off!'

He ran for the castle.

He reached the walls, apparently unseen. He went t h r o u g h a stone arch and reached a heavy metal-studded door. It creaked open, and the Doctor f o u n d himself in a bare stone corridor.

'Tradesman's entrance,' muttered the Doctor. 'Never m i n d . ' He m o v e d carefully forwards. The corridor led to a staircase. The Doctor climbed i t and f o u n d himself i n another corridor. This one was red-carpeted w i t h w h i t e and gold pillars along the walls.

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That's more like it ! Lords, Ladies and Doctorsthis way.'

He m o v e d along the corridor, his feet silenton the t h i c k carpeting. Then, suddenly, heheard a steady thud, thud, thud c o m i n g towards h i m . He ducked i n t o the alcove b e h i n d one ofthe pillars.

Massive figures appeared at the end of thecorridor, six of t h e m m a r c h i n g in strict m i l i t a r y f o r m a t i o n . Peering f r o m b e h i n d the pillar, theDoctor saw gleaming black battle armour, l o n g metal-studded leather tunics, huge boots, beltsh u n g w i t h weapons. A n d t h e n there were theenormous domed helmets. It was the Judoon,all r i g h t , t h o u g h t the Doctor.

But t h e n , he'd k n o w n that all along. W h o e l s e s t o l e w h o l e buildings? But w h a t were theyup to? That was the question. A n d w h o w a s e m p l o y i n g them?

Suddenly the Doctor realised that he wasn'talone in the alcove. Before he could react, a c o l d circle of steel touched h i m b e h i n d the ear.

A hoarse voice whispered, ' D o n ' t move or I ' l l k i l l y o u ! Now, w h o a r e y o u and w h a t a r e y o u d o i n g here?'

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Chapter Eight

The Raid

Of all the strange events of a very strange day, t h o u g h t Captain Harry Carruthers, this was by far the strangest. He was c l i m b i n g over the rooftops of London's Docklands, w i t h a g i r l dressed as a boy.

Maybe he should never have ordered the champagne!

As soon as she'd explained her p l a n , M a r t h a had insisted on r e t u r n i n g to his rooms. There she'd made h i m use his new telephone to contact a n u m b e r of h i g h l y placed officials and c i v i l servants. By m a k i n g use of his royal connections, Harry had f i n a l l y reached the r i g h t department. Soon afterwards, a messenger had delivered a stack of papers and documents. They were maps and plans of the streets a r o u n d Black Dog Lane. It h a d n ' t taken M a r t h a l o n g to f i n d w h a t she wanted.

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There!' she said, jabbing her finger at the plan. 'An empty warehouse backing on to the Cosmic Peacemaker laboratories. Just what we need! We'll go in over the roofs.'

Carruthers was horrified. 'My dear girl, don't you realise? I'm a Guards officer. I'm not allowed to carry parcels in the street, let alone commit burglary.'

Martha ignored him. She looked down at her tweed walking outfit, which had been bugging her all day.

'And another thing, I can't go climbing over roofs in this get-up. What kind of clothes have you got here?'

Carruthers was outraged. 'I can assure you that no young ladies are in the habit of keeping their clothes in my rooms!'

Martha laughed. 'I don't mean girls' clothes, you twit, I mean men's clothes. Your clothes will do. You're only a bit taller than me.'

'I hardly think there will be anything suitable.'

'Don't you have any jeans or anything? No, you wouldn't have, would you. What do you wear when you're not dressed up?'

'I'm always dressed up,' said Carruthers simply. 'Hang on a minute...'

He went into his bedroom and opened his

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uniform closet. After much searching, he came back with a set of denim overalls.

'I wear these when training. Even Guards officers have to get dirty now and then, and one doesn't want to spoil the bearskin and scarlettunic'

'Perfect,' said Martha. She took the overalls from him and went into the bedroom.

A few minutes later, she returned in the denim overalls. The trouser bottoms were rolled up, but they fitted very well. Perhaps a little too well.

'How do I look?'

'Like Vesta Tilley!'

'Who?'

'Music hall performer. She sings dressed as a man.'

'Thanks a lot. They're a bit tight, but they'll do. Now, all I need is an overcoat and hat and I'm all set. Come on!'

With Martha wrapped up in a coat and hat, they'd called a hansom and returned to Black Dog Lane. Martha found the empty warehouse in a nearby alley. She took off her coat and hat and climbed up a drainpipe.

Harry followed. After all, he thought, what else could he do?

Now he was climbing over the warehouse rooftop after Martha, clinging on for dear life.

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He found her crouching by a skylight, her form outlined against the sky.

'This is it - I hope! If my calculations are OK, we're directly over the Peacemaker place. Help me get this skylight open.'

Carruthers sighed. In for a penny... 'Move over and let me.'

He leaned over the skylight and knocked out one of the dirty glass panes with his elbow. Glass tinkled down inside. He listened for a moment, but nobody seemed to have heard. He reached inside and slipped the catch. Carefully, he lifted the skylight open.

'You're quite good at this,' whispered Martha. 'If they chuck you out of the Guards, you can start a new career as a gentleman burglar!' She edged past him on the roof. 'I'll go first.'

Before he could stop her, she turned over and slid her legs, then her body, through the open skylight. She hung for a moment at arm's length, then dropped.

Peering through the skylight, Carruthers heard a thud and some very unladylike language. Then Martha's voice floated up.

'Come on! It's not much of a drop.'

Carruthers followed Martha's example. He dropped and landed in a heap on a dusty floor.

Martha helped him to get up.

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'There must be a door somewhere...'

Carruthers peered round the dark room. 'Overthere,' he said. 'Look, there's a line of light.'

They groped their way across the room, stumbling over all sorts of household objects, including a mangle, a tin bath, an armchair and an old sofa.

Finally, they reached the thin line of light coming faintly under the door. They opened the door quietly and peered out.

It gave onto a grimy corridor which ended in a short steep staircase. Martha and Carruthers crept along the corridor and down the staircase. They found themselves in another world.

They were in a long, curved corridor, its dazzling white walls glowing dimly with soft inner light. There were doors along the wall on either side, and a large set of double doors stood open at the far end. A blaze of light shone out from behind the doors.

'This is more like it,' whispered Martha. She ran her fingers along the wall - it felt smooth and warm to the touch. 'Plastic,' she muttered. 'That hasn't even been invented yet.' She pointed to the double doors. 'Come on. It looks as if the main attraction is down there.'

Moving along the corridor and through the lighted doorway, they found themselves in a

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huge circular chamber. At its centre was a mass of alien machinery. In a corner of the room was a giant metal archway, which led into shadows.

At the centre of the room was an enormous crystal sphere. There was a fiery vortex at its centre. It hovered over a huge bowl filled with a fiery liquid. A control console stood beside the bowl. Its dials and switches and meters were covered with alien symbols.

Martha and Carruthers moved closer.

'That crystal sphere,' whispered Carruthers. 'It's exactly like the one Doyle gave me to take to Balmoral - only a hundred times bigger. What is this place?'

Vague childhood memories were stirring in Martha's mind. A video she'd been shown in school one rainy afternoon. It had been about the wonders of atomic science.

'I'm not sure,' she said. 'I think it might be a nuclear reactor. Some kind of power source anyway.'

'It is indeed,' said a soft voice behind them. 'Not nuclear but temporal. Power. A force beyond anything you weak human minds can imagine.'

They turned and saw Professor Challoner standing in the glow of the archway. He moved into the room.

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'Welcome back. It is k i n d of y o u to pay meanother v i s i t , ' said Challoner.

'You d o n ' t seem very surprised to see us,'Martha said.

' I knew y o u w o u l d r e t u r n . '

' W h o are you?' said Carruthers angrily. ' W h a t d o y o u want?'

'We are the Peacemakers. W o u l d y o u like to see our true form?'

Suddenly, the shape of Challoner's face blurred. It grew longer, lizard-like w i t h slanting green eyes, l o n g claws and d r i p p i n g jaws. He blurred again, and became once more a saintly looking old man.

Martha shuddered. 'I can see w h y y o u changed. You d i d n ' t say w h a t y o u w a n t e d . '

'We w a n t your planet.'

'Just you?' demanded Carruthers. 'Or do y o u have an army h i d d e n away?'

'No, but we have allies.'

He t u r n e d as the arch began to blaze more brightly.

A giant figure appeared. It wore black battle armour and a large d o m e d helmet. It h e l d a blaster in its gloved fist.

'I knew i t , ' whispered M a r t h a . 'Judoon!'

The Judoon trooper marched i n t o the r o o m w i t h a t h u d of heavy boots.

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Then another followed.

'These people are spies,' hissed Challoner. 'They are trespassing and must be punished. Kill them!'

The Judoon raised their blasters and took aim.

A deep voice said, 'Stop!'

A third, even larger Judoon warrior had appeared in the archway.

'It's all right, Captain, we're just executing some rebels,' Challoner said.

'You do not yet have authority over this planet. Therefore they cannot be rebels. Native life forms must not be destroyed without due process.'

'But, I told you, they're spies.'

'There must be a trial.'

'Not guilty!' Martha said, determined to show she wasn't afraid of the Judoon.

Carruthers was still staring at the creatures in wide-eyed astonishment.

'There's no time now,' Challoner sighed. 'Bring them with us. We'll deal with them later.' He moved towards the arch.

The Judoon followed, herding Martha and Carruthers before them.

'Where are you taking us?' demanded Martha.

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Challoner turned. 'You should be honoured. You will now see more of the technology of the Cosmic Peacemakers,' he said. 'You're going to Balmoral Castle to see the King!'

He passed through the glowing arch and disappeared.

Martha and Harry and the Judoon followed and disappeared too.

The huge laboratory was empty.

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Chapter Nine

The King

The Doctor reached up and gently pushed the gun away from his ear. 'Don't do that. You'll give me earache.'

'Who are you?' repeated the voice.

'I'm the Doctor, and I've come to help.'

The Doctor turned and found himself facing a thin-faced man in a dark coat. 'And you are?'

'George Fitzroy. I'm one of the King's private secretaries.'

'So what's going on?'

'Only wish I knew.'

'Just tell me what happened.'

The young man sighed, 'I just don't know where to start.'

'Tell me what,' said the Doctor. 'Begin at the beginning. Go on to the end. Then stop. Works for me.'

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Fitzroy nodded. 'Well, it started as a perfectly ordinary day. The King had breakfast in bed. He packed poor old Harry Carruthers off to shoot a stag. Then he got up. I was working in my office, looked out and saw it was raining. Except there was - this is going to sound so odd - but it was raining upwards.'

He rubbed his eyes, still unable to believe what he'd seen. 'Scotland just vanished,' he went on. 'Suddenly there was nothing but sand. Those huge, well, buildings I suppose they are, arrived from the sky and these monsters marched out. You saw one of their patrols just now.'

'Jolly old Judoon,' said the Doctor. 'Go on.'

'There seem to be dozens of them. They've taken over the castle. They rounded everybody up and locked them all in the cellars. They missed me somehow in the rush and confusion. I grabbed a gun and slipped away. I've been dodging them ever since.'

'What about the King?'

'They've got him shut up under guard in the old Queen's sitting room. They seem to be waiting for something.'

'Come on then,' said the Doctor. 'Can't hang round chat in corridors all day. We'll never save the world like that!'

'Come on where?'

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To see the King.'

'It's too dangerous. We'll be caught.'

'All right. Just show me where the King is, and you can go and hide again. Come on.'

They set off down the corridor.

'I met him once, you know, but we didn't really get on,' said the Doctor. 'Wasn't really my fault, to be fair. But Queen Victoria thought I was a bad influence...'

Herded through the Peacemakers' archway, Martha felt an odd sensation. It was as if her entire body was dissolving. The feeling passed, and suddenly she was marching along a widered-carpeted corridor. It was lined with white pillars and stag-heads hung on the upper walls.

The party stopped outside a set of doors guarded by two Judoon sentries. Professor Challoner pushed them open and they moved inside. The Judoon Captain and the two troopers took up positions around the room.

Martha looked around her. The sitting room they were in was richly furnished. There was a thick red and white checked carpet and two giant sofas, one on each side of a large table in the centre of the room. There were two enormous stuffed armchairs. Everything was covered in a bright tartan. The curtains at the windows

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were tartan as well. There was a white marble fireplace with a giant mirror over it. Paintings of the Scottish Highlands hung on the walls. It was a cosy, luxurious room, though Martha. No place for Judoon, or alien lizards disguised as humans.

Seated on one of the armchairs was a very large gentleman with a heavy moustache. He wore a Harris tweed sports jacket and waistcoat, and a kilt. He was smoking an enormous cigar, and he looked calm and rather bored.

Professor Challoner stepped forward and bowed. 'Your Majesty!'

The King glared briefly at the Professor and then ignored him. His eyes moved lazily over the little group and focused on Carruthers.

'There you are, Harry, my boy. Get your stag this time?'

'Missed again, I'm afraid, Your Majesty.'

The royal gaze turned to Martha. 'Who's your girl friend?' He peered at Martha in her denim overalls. 'It is a girl, isn't it?'

Despite the circumstances, Carruthers smiled. The old boy was on good form.

'Very much so, Your Majesty. Allow me to present Miss Martha Jones. She made me miss my stag.'

'Don't blame you,' said the King promptly.

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'Pretty girl like that's worth missing any number of stags.' He gave Martha a gracious royal nod. 'How do you do, my dear.'

Martha felt she couldn't curtsy in overalls, so she bowed.

'I'm good, thank you, Your Majesty. Sorry about the clothes. I didn't know I was coming, and there was no time to change. I've had rather a busy day.'

'Me too, my dear,' said the King. 'Me too!'

Professor Challoner seemed to feel he was being left out of things. 'Forgive me, Your Majesty, but I must insist on your attention. I have come here on a matter of great urgency'

The King looked bored. 'Still here, are you? Get on with it, then.'

'My name is Professor Challoner. If you will kindly pay close attention, Your Majesty, it will give me great pleasure to explain my Master Plan.'

There was a noise outside the open door and a familiar voice called, 'Out of my way, sentry! Hang on a moment. A Master Plan, eh? Now that's something I've got to hear! I love a good Master Plan. They're such fun.' The Doctor strode confidently into the room.

'Doctor!' cried Martha joyfully.

The Doctor bowed low to the King and gave

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the others a f r i e n d l y n o d . 'Your Majesty, Martha,Captain Carruthers.'

'Another friend of yours, Carruthers?' theK i n g asked. 'You do seem to be keeping thestrangest company these days.'

'I am sorry, Your Majesty. But I can v o u c h forthe Doctor,' Carruthers said.

'What are y o u d o i n g here?' Martha asked theDoctor.

'Later,' the Doctor said. 'We m u s t n ' t i n t e r r u p tthe Professor. Especially n o t n o w I've beenvouched for. Carry o n , Professor. I do love a goodMaster Plan. Heard a few Master Plans in mytime, m i n d y o u . Genghis Khan had a good one,and Napoleon. Well, n o t that good, perhaps.A n d the Daleks brought out a new Master Planevery week. T h o u g h they never really workedout either, n o w I come to t h i n k of i t . '

' W h o the devil are y o u , sir?' Challonerdemanded.

' I ' m the Doctor. D o n ' t w o r r y about me, justcarry o n . '

Challoner gave h i m an angry glare andprepared to speak.

But, before he could get a w o r d out, theDoctor said hopefully, 'Have y o u got a slideprojector? A n d a pie chart? N o t h i n g like a goodpie chart.'

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'Be silent, whoever y o u are,' said Challonerangrily. 'Or I w i l l have y o u silenced.' He drew a deep breath and started again. 'Your Majesty,y o u are the ruler of the greatest Empire sincethe Romans. The Empire u p o n w h i c h the sunnever sets.'

'Well aware of t h a t , ' grunted the K i n g . ' T h i n kwe're ahead of the Romans, actually.' Hesmoothed his moustache.

'But I can offer y o u more,' said Challonerdramatically. 'I can make y o u Emperor of theWorld!'

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Chapter Ten

The Master Plan

There was a moment of silence.

It was the Doctor who spoke first. As usual, though, Martha, he seemed to have taken centre stage without even trying.

'Bit of a shock for the German Kaiser,' said the Doctor. 'Not to mention the President of France, and the Russian Tsar.'

'Indeed,' agreed the King. He turned to Challoner. 'You're a fool, sir. Germany, France and Russia, all raising armies, all build in battleships. If I moved against them, all three countries would combine to crush me - and crush England. What's more, I'm related to most of 'em. Not that that would stop Wilhelm if he thought he could get away with it.'

'Perhaps so, Your Majesty,' said Challoner. 'But suppose you crush them first?'

'And how would I do that?'

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'You w o u l d n ' t need to, Your Majesty. I w i l l d o i t for y o u . '

The K i n g snorted. 'Got an A r m y and a Navyall ready, have you?'

'They w i l l n o t be needed, Your Majesty. I shalldestroy t h e m by the use of advanced science.'

'Weapons of mass destruction?' suggestedthe Doctor. 'Spot of atomics? Or is it a n e u t r o nbomb? That always goes d o w n w e l l . Goes upfirst, of course...'

' N o t h i l l n g so crude,' snarled Challoner. 'Wehave h i d d e n Temporal Reversion devices in allthe major capitals of Europe, Asia and Africa.They can be set off by remote c o n t r o l f r o m theTemporal Power source in my laboratory. Thecities, their rulers a n d their peoples w i l l n o longer exist. Your Majesty w i l l be left w i t h a n e a s y conquest.'

'Easy b u t pointless by the sound of i t . W h a t t h e devil's the fellow t a l k i n g about?' asked theKing.

But the Doctor knew. ' O o h - that's terriblyrisky y o u know. Tricky business, TemporalReversion. Even the Time Lords left it alone.'

'I am an expert in these matters, Doctor,'said Challoner. 'I can and w i l l do exactly as I promise.' He t u r n e d to the K i n g . 'Well, YourMajesty?'

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'D o n ' t listen,' burst out Martha. 'You'll just bethe puppet emperor of a w o r l d under alien rule.He isn't even h u m a n ! '

'She's r i g h t , Your Majesty,' said Carruthers.He turned to the Doctor. 'You k n o w that better t h a n anyone, Doctor. Tell His Majesty.'

The Doctor was silent for a m o m e n t . Thenhe said, 'I d o n ' t know. I t h i n k it's a pretty neatscheme. Bit risky of course, b u t w e l l w o r t h a t r y.'

Martha and Carruthers stared at h i m inhorror.

Challoner too was astonished. He stared atthe Doctor. ' W h o are you?'

'Just a visitor,' said the Doctor. 'Neutralobserver, y o u m i g h t say. Passing t h r o u g h .Sightseeing. Tourist, really. But I t h i n k you'reo n t o something. This planet's always beentrouble, needs a b i t of discipline. You m i g h t bejust the m a n - w e l l , n o t m a n of course. Monster,alien, whatever.'

Challoner glared at h i m . 'Your friends do n o tseem to h o l d the same o p i n i o n . '

' O h , they're y o u n g and impulsive. No senseof the practical. I ' l l talk t h e m r o u n d . Tell y o u w h a t , give me ten minutes alone w i t h HisMajesty and my friends. I ' m sure I can convincethem.'

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' W h y should I trust you?'

' W h a t have y o u got to lose? If I fail, y o u can always go to Master Plan B. You have got a Plan B, haven't you? You must have a back-up, or do I mean fall-back?'

After a l o n g pause Challoner said, 'Yes, I do have a Plan B, as y o u p u t i t . '

' N o t as good as this one, is it?' said the Doctor. 'The British Empire is best for y o u , o r y o u w o u l d n ' t have started here. Others w o u l d be second best.'

'Very w e l l , Doctor, y o u may have your ten minutes alone.'

'Completely alone, m i n d y o u , ' said the Doctor. ' N o y o u , and no Judon.'

'Agreed.' Challoner t u r n e d back to the King. 'I advise y o u to listen to the Doctor, Your Majesty. After all, one puppet is as good as another. As for y o u , Doctor, p e r m i t me to show y o u w h o y o u are dealing w i t h . '

Just as he had in the laboratory, Challoner blurred, and changed back to the lizard-like shape that was his true f o r m .

The Doctor, no stranger to alien life forms, seemed unimpressed. T h o u g h he'd seen it before, Carruthers looked on in horror.

M a r t h a turned to the King to see h o w he was reacting.

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Puffing at his cigar, the King said calmly, 'Magic tricks, eh? Damned clever.'

Returning to his human shape, Challoner turned and left the room, followed by the Judoon.

Instantly, Martha and Carruthers rounded on the Doctor.

Martha said, 'Doctor, you can't--'

Carruthers said, 'Sir, I beg of you --'

Both were speaking at once. The Doctor put a finger to his lips, silencing both.

Suddenly the King rose, wheezing a little, and everyone fell silent. He took up a position before the fireplace and stood, a curiously imposing figure, gazing around the room.

'This was my mother's favourite sitting room, you know,' he said, tossing his cigar stub into the fire. 'Never allowed to smoke in here then. Lord, the tickings off I've had in this room!' His gaze fixed on Carruthers. 'You know how long I waited to be King, Harry?'

'A very long time, Your Majesty'

'All those years as Prince of Wales. She never liked me really. Thought I caused my father's death.'

'I'm sure that's not so, Your Majesty.'

'I got into a bit of a scrape with a young actress. He came down to see me in the country

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on a wet and windy day, caught a cold and died soon after that. She never forgave me. Said I was thoughtless, never let me take any part in state affairs. Thanks to her long and splendid reign, I was 59 when I came to the throne. 'He drew a deep breath. 'So - when I became King, I made up my mind to be a King. Heaven knows I've tried. A i n ' t that so, Harry?'

'N o b o d y could t r y harder, Your M a j e s t y '

The K i n g t u r n e d back to the Doctor. 'So y o u can save your words, Doctor Whoever-you-are. You'd be wasting your breath. I ' m n o t sure w h o o r w h a t this fellow Challoner is, b u t I w a n t n o part of his schemes. My one aim as K i n g is t o p r e v e n t a w o r l d war, n o t to start one.'

' I ' m very glad to hear y o u say so, Your Majesty,' said the Doctor.

'But y o u said--' Carruthers began.

' I agree w i t h y o u b o t h , ' said the Doctor quickly. 'Challoner and his mad scheme must be stopped. It's n o t just mad, it's dangerous. Temporal Reversion Technology is just sound stable. If these devices of his go w r o n g , and believe me they w i l l , he could w a r p the fabric of t i m e itself. He c o u l d destroy the universe!'

'Then w h y . . . ' began Martha.

The Doctor cut her off. 'The o n l y way to stop his master p l a n is to pretend to go along w i t h

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i t . W h e n he comes back, Your Majesty, I w a n t y o u to agree.'
The K i n g looked unsure. ' A n d if I don't?'
' H e ' l l carry o u t Plan B.'
' W h i c h is?'
'He'll k i l l us,' said the Doctor calmly. ' A l l of us. Your Majesty included.'

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Chapter Eleven

The Honour of the Judoon

It was obvious to everyone that the Doctor was serious.

'Just a minute,' said Carruthers. 'He seems to be keen on using His Majesty and the British Empire. If he kills him, how will he carry out this plan?'

'No problem,' said the Doctor. 'Master Plan B. He'll kill us all and try to recruit some other crowned head. He'll find one somewhere. Kaiser, Tsar, whoever.'

The King nodded. 'You're right, damn it. Cousin Willy would probably jump at it!'

Martha looked at Carruthers. 'Cousin Willy?'

'The German Kaiser,' he whispered. 'As he said, all the Royals are related.'

'Very well,' said the King. 'For the moment, I'll pretend to agree.'

'Brilliant,' said the Doctor. 'But don't give in

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too easily. I w a n t y o u to demand a few thingsfirst...'

W h e n he'd finished t a l k i n g to the K i n g ,the Doctor t u r n e d to M a r t h a and Carruthers.'Now, quickly, there's n o t m u c h t i m e . Tell meeverything you've learned about Challoner.'

'They're calling themselves the CosmicPeacemakers,' began Martha. 'They've got this i d d e n lab in Docklands, in a place called BlackDog Lane...'

Challoner returned a few minutes later, w i t h a squad of Judoon at his heels. He f o u n d the K i n g standing in the centre of the r o o m , the othersgrouped b e h i n d h i m .

' I have decided t o cooperate w i t h yourexcellent p l a n , ' said the K i n g grandly. 'TheDoctor has convinced me that it is fitting thatthe British Empire should rule the rest of theworld.'

'I am delighted to hear i t , Your Majesty.'

' I have t w o conditions.'

Challoner looked wary. 'Name t h e m . '

'You must return Balmoral Castle to its properplace i n m e d i a t e l y '

' I t shall be done.'

'The Doctor has agreed to act as my personalagent in this matter. He must be allowed

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to r e t u r n to L o n d o n by his o w n means and r e p r e s e n t me there.'

Challoner seemed d o u b t f u l . It was clear that he was still n o t sure about the Doctor.

' O h , come o n , ' said the Doctor. 'You've got the K i n g , the castle, and the Judoon. W h a t h a r m can I possibly do y o u on my own? If I go to L o n d o n , I can smoothe the way for y o u . Do the groundwork. Set things u p . Prepare for His Majesty's return, and the b o r i n g speeches that w i l l have to follow. He still has to sell your idea to Parliament, y o u know, if we're going to avoid all those a n n o y i n g political arguments. Lots of l o b b y i n g to be done.'

'Very w e l l , ' said Challoner at last.

'Then I ' l l be off,' said the Doctor. 'Harry, Martha, come along.'

Carruthers shook his head. ' M y place is h e r e w i t h the King.'

'Quite r i g h t , ' said the Doctor. 'Come along then, Martha.'

' N o , ' said Challoner.

' O h , play fair. You agreed,' said the Doctor. 'A deal's a deal, even for shape-changing planet-stealers.'

'I agreed o n l y that you could leave, Doctor,' Challoner t o l d h i m . ' N o t h i n g was said about the h u m a n female.'

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'Miss Jones is my ward, my valued c o m p a n i o n .I need her w i t h me.'

'She stays here,' said Challoner. ' A n d remember, Doctor, y o u r good behaviour guarantees her good h e a l t h . '

The Doctor gave M a r t h a a w o r r i e d look.

'Go o n , Doctor,' she said. ' I ' l l stay here and look after H a r r y '

The Doctor knew that he had no choice. H e n e e d e d the TARDIS and his freedom of action.

'Right,' he said. 'Well t h e n , w h e n I ' m finished i n L o n d o n , I ' l l come t o Balmoral and pick y o u u p. A n d remember, Professor Challoner, h e r g o o d health guarantees y o u r good health.'

Challoner seemed u n w o r r i e d by the threat. 'The Judoon Captain w i l l escort y o u t o the gates, Doctor,' he said.

The Doctor pulled M a r t h a i n t o a hug, shook Carruthers' h a n d and bowed to the King.

'See y o u all soon,' he said.

Followed by the Judoon Captain, the Doctor left the r o o m .

At the m a i n door, the Judoon Captain produced and operated a device that opened a p a t h t h r o u g h the force field.

The Doctor looked up at the enormous f o r m beside h i m .

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'I always believed the Judoon were honourable,' he said.

From within the dark helmet above him came a deep, rumbling voice.

'Judoon honour is without flaw or stain.'

'Come off it,' said the Doctor. 'What are you doing mixed up in an act of piracy like this?'

'The Judoon always operate with full legal authority. The path through the force field will close in three Earth minutes.'

The Captain turned and tramped away down the corridor.

'Conversation over,' thought the Doctor. He turned and hurried through the force field.

It took him some time to find the TARDIS - he'd come out of a different exit, and all the dunes looked very much alike.

He found it at last and stood at the top of the dune, looking down at the castle in the desert. He was waiting to see if Challoner would keep his promise.

The blur of the force field faded, the air shimmered and the castle faded away.

Minutes later, the tall spaceships of the Judoon rose slowly into the sky.

The Doctor stood by the TARDIS, lost in thought. He was alone in the vast desert. Except,

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he remembered, for some very confused desertraiders somewhere in the far distance.

By n o w the Judoon spaceships, together w i t hBalmoral Castle, should be back in Scotland.The Doctor decided to go a n d see.

His original p l a n had been to go to L o n d o nand deal w i t h the machine that Challoner hadb u i l t in his laboratory. But Martha was still inBalmoral. If he succeeded at the laboratory, amessage m i g h t reach Challoner, and Marthaw o u l d die.

So he could do n o t h i n g u n t i l Martha was free- w h i c h meant going to Balmoral and rescuingher.

Something else was b o t h e r i n g the Doctor -his brief exchange w i t h the Judoon Captain.The Judoon were an honourable breed, at leastaccording to their o w n rather peculiar standards.A n d they never lied. They saw that as a crime.

Yet the Judoon Captain had insisted that theywere acting legally - w h i c h was impossible. Theo n l y way to f i n d out more was to go to the castleand ask t h e m .

Another good reason to go back to Balmoral.

The Doctor w e n t i n t o the TARDIS. A wheezing,groaning sound disturbed the peace of theEmpty Quarter, and t h e n faded away.

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The Doctor left the TARDIS, took a moment to get his bearings, then set off for Balmoral Castle. The Highland air was refreshing after the heat of the desert.

He walked on. It didn't take long to get there, and this time the castle was where it was supposed to be.

But, this time, something else was wrong.

The air was full of the crack of rifle fire and the thudding of artillery.

A full-scale pitched battle was raging around Balmoral Castle.

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Chapter Twelve

The Battle

The Doctor climbed a hill overlooking Balmoral Castle and took in the scene.

The entire castle was ringed with troops. Some had dug trenches, others had built walls of sandbags.

Field guns had been set up at various keypoints. From behind these defences, the soldiers were keeping up heavy and continuous fire.

In the castle grounds stood a number of Judoon. They had not taken shelter, and were returning their attackers' fire with their handblasters. Occasionally, one staggered under the impact of a rifle bullet, but didn't fall.

A young officer in the advanced trenches outside the castle leaped to his feet. As the Doctor watched, he yelled, 'Come on, chaps. There's only a few of them. Charge!'

The officer dashed forward.

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Light streaked from a Judoon blaster and then it exploded in smoke and flame.

Nobody followed him.

Moments later, a lucky shot from a field gun scored a direct hit on one of the Judoon. Its massive body was blown into fragments.

All this had happened in the moments that the Doctor stood watching, horrified. He hated war, always had. 'I've got to stop this,' he muttered, and ran down the hill towards the troops.

As he came closer, a sentry spotted him and raised his rifle.

'Halt!'

Ignoring the rifle, the Doctor ran up to him. 'I need to see your commanding officer, and I need to see him right now!'

The soldier looked doubtfully at him. 'One of his precious scouts are you?'

'Listen to me,' the Doctor said. It was surprising how much he sounded like Harry Carruthers. 'I've got vital information for your commanding officer. Take me to him at once.'

The soldier had been in the Army all his life, and he recognised the snap of authority in the Doctor's voice. 'Commander's this way, sir.'

He led the Doctor to a small tent, pitched in the shelter of a nearby hill. The soldier went to the open entrance and saluted.

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'Gentleman with an important message, General,' the soldier announced. 'Insists on seeing you.'

'Wheel him in!'

The Doctor entered the tent and found a tall, thin uniformed figure with a untidy moustache. He had a map spread out on a table. The General turned to peer at the Doctor. 'You're not one of my fellows.'

'I am the personal envoy of His Majesty,' said the Doctor.

'The King? Where is he?'

'In that castle you're attacking. And a pretty rotten job you're making of it.'

'I'll have you know, young fellow, I know a thing or two about sieges,' said the General. 'Why, when I was in South Africa during the Boer War, I formed a party of scouts. Just last they were, to carry messages--'

The Doctor cut him off. 'We haven't got time for your memoirs. Just tell me what's been happening here, General. From the beginning, right to the end.'

Just like the sentry, the General found himself responding to the authority in the Doctor's voice.

'We got a message that something was badly wrong at Balmoral. Odd story about the whole

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place disappearing. W h e n we arrived, the place was here all right - a n d a group of those big fellows in black were setting up some k i n d of machinery outside. We challenged t h e m . They ignored us. So we opened fire. Scored a lucky h i t on their equipment w i t h a field g u n . Then more troops arrived, on b o t h sides, and we settled d o w n for a siege.'

The troops had arrived just as the Judoon were setting up their force field, t h o u g h t the Doctor. They h a d destroyed it by a fluke.

'A n d how's the battle going?'

'N o t t o o w e l l , ' a d m i t t e d the General. 'Rifle bullets d o n ' t t o u c h t h e m . You need a direct h i t w i t h a field gun, a n d we d o n ' t have enough o f t h e m . More on the way, of course, and more troops. But u n t i l they get here... They've got some d a m n nasty weapons. Some k i n d of heatray. W h o are they anyway - foreign troops?'

'Very foreign,' said the Doctor. His m i n d was racing. 'N o w listen to me General, this siege of yours is madness. You can't hope to defeat them. A n d if you go on annoying them, they'll b r i n g up more troops. Do y o u w a n t to see a l l y o u r m e n killed?'

The General was stunned. 'S o w h a t d o y o u suggest I do?'

'Order a ceasefire and p u l l back your m e n .

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Let me go and talk to t h e m . I may be able to persuade t h e m to leave peacefully'

The General looked d o u b t f u l . 'You w a n t me to retreat?'

' N o , no, n o . Well, maybe a tactical retreat if that makes y o u feel better about i t . A t least i t ' l l give us t i m e for y o u to get more troops here.'

'Good t h i n k i n g , ' said the General. ' I ' l l do i t . 'He raised his voice and shouted, 'Messenger!'

A soldier ran in and saluted.

The General gave his orders. 'Immediate ceasefire. Pull all the m e n back.'

The soldier ran f r o m the tent. Minutes later the Doctor heard raised voices.

'Cease fire! General ceasefire! Pull back!'

'Thank y o u , General,' said the Doctor. ' I ' l l be off, t h e n . Loads to do and n o t a lot of t i m e . O h , and good luck w i t h your Boy Scout movement. I ' m sure i t ' l l do very w e l l . '

' H o w d i d y o u know? I've o n l y just started planning i t . . . '

Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell watched in astonishment as the Doctor hurried f r o m the tent.

By the t i m e the Doctor reached the castle, the gunfire had stopped. The soldiers were p u l l i n g back. He walked up to the m a i n entrance and

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found himself facing two Judoon sentries. They covered him with their blasters.

'I'm the Doctor,' he said loudly. 'I was here earlier, remember? I've sent the soldiers away. Now I want to see your Captain. It concerns the honour of the Judoon. So hop to it, go on.'

There was a long pause. Then one of the sentries raised a tube-shaped device and pointed it at the Doctor. There was a series of beeps and a light shone, then the Judoon checked the results of his scan.

'Category: Non-Human,' it announced, before beckoning the Doctor to follow.

The Judoon trooper led the Doctor to a small bare room. Once a storeroom, it had clearly been taken over as a command post.

A massive figure sat with its back to the embedding over a complex unit of alien machinery. Some kind of communications device, though the Doctor.

The sentry spoke in a stream of alien words. Slowly, the Captain turned.

For a moment, the Doctor stared back at the blank, jutting helmet of the Judoon Captain.

Then the Captain reached up and undid the locking clamps, pulling the heavy helmet up and off his head. The Doctor was staring into the face of the Judoon.

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It was an impressive sight. The skin on the enormous head was thick and grey and ridged, like that of a rhino. There were two horns, the higher one small, the lower larger, jutted from the centre of the face. The nostrils were flared, and the wide lipless mouth covered rows of yellow teeth that looked like tombstones. Two funny little ears crowned the high, domed forehead.

Most striking of all were the slanting brown eyes. They were strangely intelligent and somehow sad. They stared steadily at the Doctor for a moment.

Curious creatures, the Judoon, though the Doctor. Brutal and savage, yet not without morals of their own. Now everything depended on how well he had judged them.

Waving the sentry away, the Captain touched the translation device on his breastplate.

'Earth English,' the deep voice boomed. 'Why have you returned, Doctor? The Peacemakers have decided you are an enemy. They demand your execution.' The Judoon Captain drew his blaster and pointed it straight at the Doctor. 'Do you wish to die?'

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Chapter Thirteen

Revenge

The Doctor ignored the threat. 'At the gate, w h e n I left, y o u said the Judoon were here under f u l l legal authority. That cannot be true.'

'You say that I lie?' r u m b l e d the deep voice.

' N o . I t h i n k someone has lied to y o u . Take it f r o m me, this invasion cannot be legal.'

'The operation has been authorised by the Galactic C o u n c i l .

'That's impossible. Such an action is against Galactic Diplomatic Policy.'

The Judoon Captain produced a scroll. 'This scroll bears the seal of the C o u n c i l . It states that Earth is a hopelessly warlike planet. It has been handed over to the Cosmic Peacemakers. My Judoon are f u l l y authorised to assist in this process.'

'May I?' The Doctor took the document and studied the massive seal.

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'The seal is genuine.'

'O h yes, the seal is genuine,' said the Doctor. 'You're right there. Proper authentic seal, that. This seal is so genuine that it's got flippers and eats fish. But the scroll... Well that's as genuine as a nine bob note. Or a 45p piece. Take your pick.'

He took out his sonic screwdriver and adjusted it, then used it to shine a violet light over the scroll. The lettering on the scroll faded, allowing other lettering to show through beneath.

'Your Peacemaker friends took a genuine Council scroll and altered its meaning. You see the changes here... and here and here... If I just resonate it a little, you can see what the document really says.' Letters faded away and were replaced by others. The Doctor turned off his sonic screwdriver and let the scroll roll back up with a snap. He held it out. 'Here you go.'

The Judoon Captain took the scroll and unrolled it again. He studied it carefully, reading out loud in his deep rumbling voice.

'Earth must be left alone to work out its own destiny' The Captain threw down the scroll with a cry of distress. 'We have been betrayed. Judoon honour is stained.' He turned his massive face towards the Doctor. 'Tell me - what must we do?'

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'Leave,' said the Doctor promptly. 'Clear out immediately before you do any more harm. I have friends on the Galactic Council. I'll see that they learn the truth. You'll get off with slapped wrists. Probably ban you from getting involved in Earth's affairs from now on. Satellites and colonies only, that sort of thing.'

The Judoon Captain drew in a deep breath, then nodded slowly. He spoke into his communication device. 'Evacuate! All units evacuate immediately.'

One thing you could say for the Judoon, though the Doctor, they knew how to obey orders. Almost before the Captain's voice had died away, the castle corridors were echoing with the tramp of departing Judoon.

The Judoon Captain rose, tucking his helmet under his arm. 'We leave now, Doctor. But I have one final task. My honour has been stained. I must have revenge.' Before the Doctor could reply, he stamped off.

Fearing the worst, the Doctor hurried after the Judoon Captain. The huge creature marched down the castle corridors, cutting through the squads of Judoon going the other way.

They reached the Queen's Sitting Room and found Professor Challoner standing in the doorway. Behind him, three of the white-robed

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Peacemakers were holding Martha, Carruthers and the King at blaster-point.

Martha and Carruthers were poised and tense, ready for any chance to escape. Back in his armchair, the King had just lit another cigar.

As the Judoon Captain strode into the room, one of the Peacemakers shrieked at him. 'What's happening? Why are your troops leaving?'

'You lied,' roared the Captain.

The Peacemaker turned his blaster on the Judoon. But the Captain drew his blaster with blinding speed.

The Doctor skidded into the room behind the Judoon Captain.

'Wait!' he shouted as he saw what the Captain was about to do. 'You can arrest them. There's no need to --'

But the Captain ignored the Doctor, and fired. The Peacemaker burst into flame under the impact of the blaster ray. Changing back for a moment into his lizard-like shape, he crumbled into fiery ashes.

The Captain fired again and again, and the other two Peacemakers exploded in flames.

The Captain swung round to face Challoner. 'And now you, their leader.'

'No!' screamed Challoner. 'I'm your friend. We can rule this world together--'

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'You l i e d , ' said the Captain and raised hisblaster. 'You have stained the h o n o u r of theJudoon. Verdict: guilty. Penalty: death. Execute.'The Judoon Captain prepared to fire.

'This isn't the way!' the Doctor yelled. He ranto stop the Captain, b u t the Judoon swept h i maside.

W h i l e the Judoon Captain was distracted,Challoner leaped b e h i n d Martha. He w o u n d anarm around her neck and held her before h i mas a shield.

' D o n ' t shoot!' shouted the Doctor, as theJudoon Captain m o v e d towards Challoner.

' I can conquer this w o r l d w i t h o u t your help,y o u stupid brute,' shrieked Challoner. 'You'llsee, y o u ' l l see!'

He produced a compact but complex devicef r o m beneath his robe and touched a control.There was a flash of purple l i g h t , a n d he andM a r t h a vanished together.

'He has escaped,' growled the Captain.'Revenge is incomplete.'

The Doctor looked at the three heaps of ashon the floor. 'You d i d n ' t do too badly.' He shookhis head and sighed. 'Be happy w i t h that. I ' l l deal w i t h Challoner for y o u . I n m y o w n way.'

The Judoon Captain studied h i m for am o m e n t . ' I trust t o your honour, Doctor.

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Destroy h i m and restore m i n e . In return, I givemy w o r d of h o n o u r that no Judoon w i l l set footon this planet again.' He t u r n e d and marchedf r o m the r o o m .

'Doctor, w h a t about Martha?' said HarryCarruthers. 'We must find her.'

'I k n o w where he's taken her,' said the Doctor.' D o n ' t worry, I ' l l deal w i t h h i m . You look afterthe King!'

As the Doctor ran f r o m the r o o m , the K i n g spoke for the first t i m e . ' O d d fellow, that f r i e n d of yours, Harry. Never still for a m o m e n t ! '

The Doctor sprinted for the TARDIS, i g n o r i n g shouts f r o m a group of soldiers nearby. As hereached the door, he heard a roaring in the sky. He turned and looked back. Three hugespaceships were rising i n t o the sky

True to their w o r d , the Judoon were leaving.

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Chapter Fourteen

Blowback

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor was studying the screen again. This time it showed a map of London's Docklands - Black Horse Lane.

The Doctor's hand moved rapidly over controls and a pulse of light appeared on the screen. 'There we are!' muttered the Doctor. 'A Temporal Reversal Generator, if ever I saw one. Wonder where he nicked that from. Far too advanced for Challoner.' He moved quickly round the TARDIS console, adjusting controls and checking readouts. 'If I lock on to the pulse... Tricky, mind you, very tricky.' The Doctor paused and grinned. 'Just as well I'm a genius...'

His fingers flashed over the controls.

In his laboratory, Challoner too was busy, working at the console beside the giant crystal

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sphere. The sphere itself pulsed w i t h l i g h t ,growing steadily brighter.

The pool of l i q u i d in the b o w l below bubbledand seethed.

Close beside h i m , propped against the w a l l ,Martha looked on helplessly.

The instant t h e y ' d arrived, Challoner hadgripped her neck w i t h l o n g b o n y fingers.He tightened his grip u n t i l Martha was half-conscious. Then he took a r o l l of plastic tapef r o m a drawer and b o u n d her wrists and ankles.By the t i m e she was f u l l y conscious again, shewas tied so f i r m l y that she couldn't move.

She wondered w h y Challoner hadn't killedher. Perhaps he needed an audience. Or perhapshe was afraid the Doctor m i g h t f i n d t h e m .

'The power is b u i l d i n g up nicely,' Challonersaid. ' W h e n it is at its peak, I w i l l trigger theTemporal Remote C o n t r o l devices. Paris, Berlin,Tokyo, Moscow, all the major cities of the w o r l d w i l l cease t o exist.'

'What good w i l l that do you? The Judoonhave gone, and the Doc--'

'I shall recruit other soldiers - warriors f r o mSchlangi, or Ogrons perhaps. W h e n I am ruler,I shall h u n t d o w n the Doctor and k i l l h i m . ' Hepaused. ' N o , I shall k i l l y o u in front of h i m , 'Challoner decided. ' A n d t h e n I shall k i l l h i m . '

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M a r t h a decided the shock of defeat h a d turned his b r a i n . 'You needn't w o r r y about finding the Doctor,' she said bravely. ' I ' d w o r r y about h i m finding you.'

As if to prove her words, the TARDIS materialised, and the Doctor stepped out. He looked at the pulsing crystal sphere.

'Spot o n ! Now, that's pretty impressive steering if I say so myself - and I do say so. Do y o u say so?' He looked at M a r t h a . 'Brilliant stuff! Oh - a b i t tied u p , are we?' He turned to Challoner. ' N o w I t h i n k it's t i m e y o u switched that piece of j u n k off before it all goes h o r r i b l y w r o n g . '

'Do y o u really t h i n k so, Doctor?'

' I k n o w so.'

'You're w r o n g , ' said Challoner. 'The power has almost b u i l t u p , and in a few moments I shall trigger the remote controls.'

' N o t if it overloads.'

' A n d what's going to make it overload, Doctor?' asked Challoner. He picked up an alien blaster g u n and waved it at the Doctor.

' I a m ! ' said the Doctor.

M a r t h a realised t h a t the Doctor had his sonic screwdriver in his h a n d . He p o i n t e d it at the console, and its t i p glowed w i t h a blue l i g h t .

The console burst i n t o smoke and flame. The giant crystal sphere began to pulse violently.

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W i t h a scream of rage, Challoner aimed hisblaster at the Doctor.

A l t h o u g h her wrists a n d ankles were tied,Martha was o n l y a few feet f r o m Challoner. Shebraced herself against the w a l l , t h e n launchedherself at h i m , h i t t i n g Challoner w i t h her w h o l ebody.

Challoner staggered back. The edge of the b o w l under the enormous sphere caught h i m b e h i n d the knees. He t u m b l e d over i t , f a l l i n g i n t o the b u b b l i n g l i q u i d .

The Doctor peered i n t o the b o w l . He caught a glimpse of a w r i g g l i n g lizard-like shape. Then it faded away.

'Look out!' screamed Martha, gazing upwards.

The crystal sphere glowed fiercely. T h e n it exploded, showering fragments of crystal d o w n i n t o the laboratory.

The Doctor grabbed M a r t h a and dragged her clear. He fished an ancient penknife f r o m his pocket, cut her bonds and helped her u p .

'I said it w o u l d all go w r o n g , ' he t o l d her.

Martha peeled the rest of the tape f r o m her wrists and ankles. She looked at the wrecked machinery. 'Is that stuff safe now?'

Before the Doctor could answer, the console glowed briefly. Then the console, the pool and

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the crystal fragments simply disappeared.

'What happened?'

'Temporal blowback,' said the Doctor. 'It'sabolished itself. N o t o n l y doesn't it exist now,b u t it never d i d . '

'A n d Challoner?'

'H i m too. N o w come o n Martha, looks likewe've got a very busy schedule ahead of us!'

M a r t h a was outraged. 'What? I t h o u g h t it wasall over. I was l o o k i n g forward to a b i t of thatgracious l i v i n g y o u promised me.'

'You can have i t , ' said the Doctor. 'Just n o t i n London.'

'Where then?'

'Everywhere!'

'W h a t are y o u on about?'

The Doctor waved an arm around the wreckedlaboratory.

'This may be harmless now. But w h a t about allthe Temporal Reversion Devices it was meant totrigger? We d o n ' t w a n t humans getting crudet i m e engineering t o o early. A n d suppose theystart going off on their o w n . N o , we need totrack t h e m all d o w n . '

'I see.'

'Fancy a l i g h t n i n g tour of the world's capitals,Martha? Paris, Rome, Berlin, Tokyo, Moscow,Beijing...'

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He opened the TARDIS door.

'N o w let's get this clear, Doctor. You're offering me a top-speed, if-it's-Wednesday-it-must-be-China tour of the w o r l d . W i t h , as an added attraction, an unstable alien device to be discovered and defused in each city?'

'Well, y o u could p u t it like t h a t . . . But five star. Definitely five star.'

'A sort of bomb-disposal team's w o r k i n g holiday?'

'In a w a y . . . '

Martha d i d n ' t answer. She t u r n e d away so the Doctor couldn't see her smile, and strode i n t o the TARDIS.

The Doctor followed her. 'Come o n , Martha, y o u ' l l love Beijing. A n d as for Moscow...'

The door closed b e h i n d t h e m .

The TARDIS wheezed and groaned and went o n its way.

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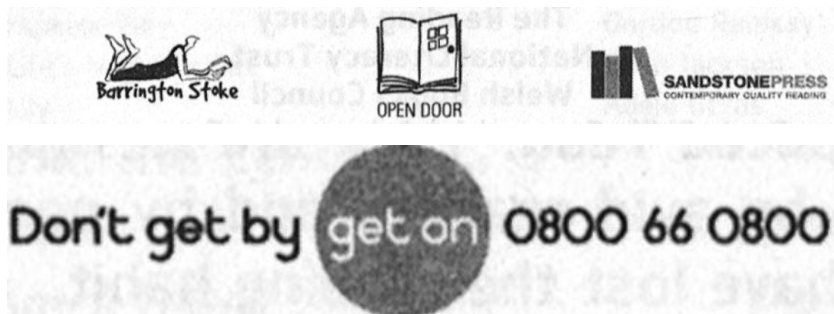
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Quick Reads

Doctor Who: I Am a Dalek

by Gareth Roberts

BBC Books

Equipped with space suits, golf clubs and a flag, the Doctor and Rose are planning to live it up on the Moon, Apollo-mission style. But the TARDIS has other plans, landing them instead in a village on the south coast of England; a picture-postcard sort of place where nothing much happens...until now.

Archaeologists have dug up a Roman mosaic, dating from the year 70 AD. It shows scenes from ancient myths, bunches of grapes - and a Dalek. A few days later a young woman, rushing to get to work, is knocked over and killed by a bus. Then she comes back to life.

It's not long before all hell breaks loose, and the Doctor and Rose must use all their courage and cunning against an alien enemy - and a not-quite-alien accomplice - who are intent on destroying humanity.

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Quick Reads

Doctor Who: Made of Steel

by Terrance Dicks

BBC Books

A deadly night attack on an army base. Vehicles are destroyed, soldiers killed. The attackers vanish as swiftly as they came, taking highly advanced equipment with them.

Metal figures attack a shopping mall. But why do they only want a new games console from an ordinary electronics shop? An obscure government ministry is blown up - but, in the wreckage, no trace is found of the secret, state-of-the-art decoding equipment.

When the TARDIS returns the Doctor and Martha to Earth from a distant galaxy, they try to piece together the mystery. But someone - or something - is waiting for them. An old enemy stalks the night, men no longer made of flesh...

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Revenge of the Judoon

The TARDIS brings the Doctor and Martha to Balmoral in 1902. Here they meet Captain Harry Carruthers – friend of the new king, Edward VII. Together they head for the castle to see the king – only to find that Balmoral Castle is gone, leaving just a hole in the ground. The Doctor realises it is the work of the Judoon – a race of ruthless space police.

While Martha and Carruthers seek answers in London, the Doctor finds himself in what should be the most deserted place on Earth – and he is not alone.

With help from Arthur Conan Doyle, the Doctor and his friends discover a plot to take over the world. With time running out, who will fall victim to the revenge of the Judoon?

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in the acclaimed hit series from BBC Television.**

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